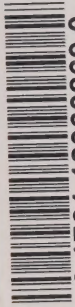


ONTARIO PLACE MAGAZINE

Government
Publications

CA20NIT

Ø58



3 1761 12060869 0

FARLEY MOWAT ON QUINTE.

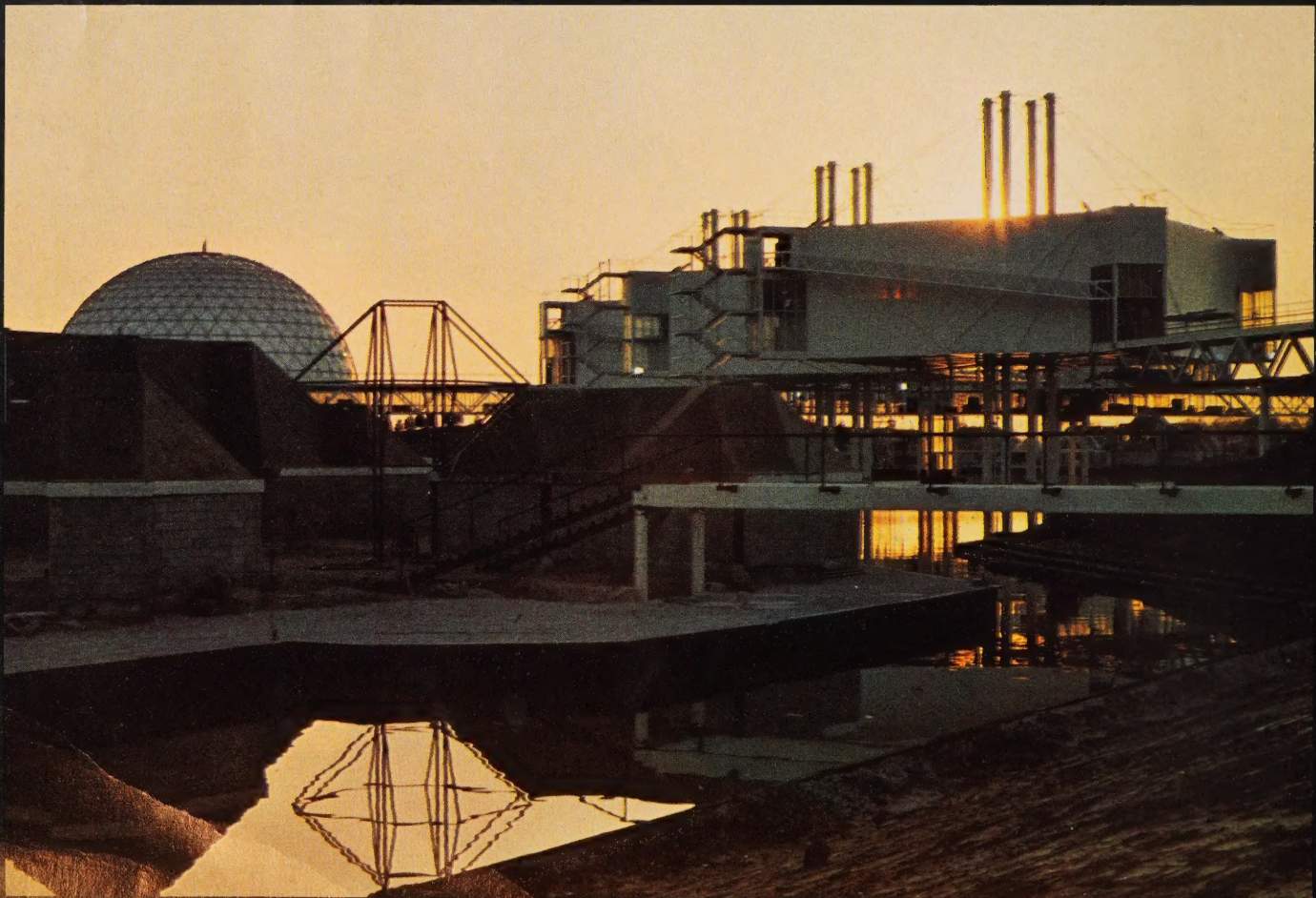
**A Trip
due North.**

**The O.P.P. Ontario
is their beat.**

We visit Goderich.

**Ontario wildlife
through the eyes
of a woodsman.**

**Special information section
and souvenir map inside.**



ONTARIO PLACE

Countdown to Reality

Two years ago, you could have stood on the shore's edge and skipped a stone over the water. There was nothing in front of this part of Toronto's Exhibition park but a few seagulls and a lot of Lake Ontario.

Then, one day in August, 1968, a plan was revealed to transform this piece of Toronto's waterfront into a new and exciting thing—a complex of a kind that didn't exist anywhere else.

On that day John Robarts, then Prime Minister of Ontario, who was officially opening the 1968 Canadian National Exhibition unveiled a proposal to “utilize the natural setting of the waterfront using modern structural designs, attempting to create the mood of gaiety and openness which helped make so popular the Ontario Government pavilion at Expo '67.

“We would hope that the creation of this Government complex would be the impetus required to inspire other developments along the entire Metro Toronto waterfront,” he stated.

The idea rapidly took shape. Architects, planners, writers and designers, began putting their thoughts together.

By October, 1968 Ontario Place was conceived. Architects unveiled their first model of the new exhibition and entertainment complex.

Ontario Place started to take shape on March 17, 1969. Passersby on Toronto's Lakeshore Boulevard began seeing trucks rumbling up to the water's edge and dumping fill, soon 1,800 truckloads each day until eventually two and a half million cubic yards created islands in the lake.

Then construction started. Landscaping began. The dream was becoming a reality.

Over the two-year period, almost 30,000 trees, shrubs and plants were put in the ground and acres of grassy parks and knolls came into being. Three and a half miles of pathways took shape. Almost half a mile of graded, contoured beaches appeared as though they'd always been there.

To give a picturesque touch to the outer reaches of Ontario Place, and to provide protection for the 300 boat marina, a seawall was constructed. Three 70-year-old retired lake freighters were towed into position, loaded with fill and sand and sunk onto prepared beds in the lake to form the base of the 1500-foot-long promenade and seawall. When you walk along it you get a colourful view of the marina and the striking silhouettes of Ontario Place's space-age structures.

The triodetic domed Cinesphere theatre, the spectacular steel-stilted five-pod Ontario Place Pavilion, the 8,000-capacity Forum outdoor amphitheatre, the colourful boutiques, restaurants, and snack bars, all became part of Ontario Place.

The whole idea of Ontario Place had a youthful air to it. So it was only natural that youth should play a part in its becoming a reality.

Almost 900 college students from every part of the province are the hosts and hostesses who greet you and provide helpful information. College students also operate the land-rides and canal boats, work in boutiques, restaurants and snack-bars. You will meet them as you tour Ontario Place.

Two years ago, nothing but water. Today, 96 acres of something entirely new, created by Ontario imagination. Ontario Place was conceived in August, 1968, delivered May 22, 1971, and has become an exciting new citizen of Ontario.



Ontario Place land fill got underway in March of 1969. During the two year construction job, heavy tractors such as the one pictured above moved, levelled and shaped more than two million cubic yards of landfill to help create the almost fifty acres of man-made islands in the new waterfront complex.



Pavilion construction began in mid-summer with the first of five huge steel caisson units being solidly imbedded deep into the floor of Lake Ontario. Each of the pavilion pods is suspended from the 105-foot-tall steel columns.



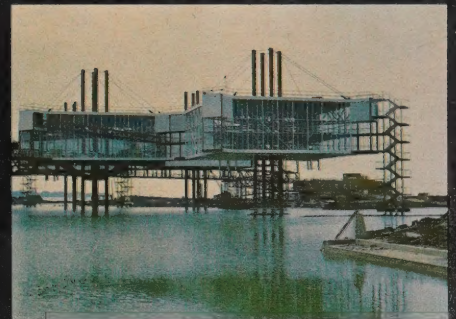
The Howard L. Shaw gliding through Toronto harbour towards its last resting place. The Shaw, and two other retired lake freighters, were scuttled bow to stern to form the quarter-mile-long Ontario Place seawall and promenade.



The skeletal forms of the Ontario Place pavilion pods began to take shape as winter closed in on the construction site. Steel workers frequently battled bitter winds and chill factors approaching 50 degrees below zero to meet the tight Ontario Place construction schedule.



The link to the mainland. The 300-foot long, two-tiered walkway connecting the pods to the mainland eased the movement of men and materials so work could get underway on the pavilion interiors. The covered walkway is the main public access route to the Ontario Place exhibition and Cinesphere.



By mid-summer 1970, the architecture has become a landmark. Passing motorists on Toronto's Lakeshore Boulevard were able to see daily progress as the pavilion exterior neared completion and foundation work got underway for Cinesphere, the 800-seat, dome-shaped Ontario Place theatre.



Aerial view shows the Ontario Place pavilion. Four pods house a world scale exhibition all about Ontario, while the remaining pod is devoted to restaurants and lounges. Roof areas on the pods offer sightseeing plus additional refreshment facilities.



The night lights burn as Ontario Place advances steadily towards its official opening. Ontario Place, considered by many to be the most advanced urban waterfront development on the continent, is expected to host more than two million visitors each season.



Artist's conception shows a section of the Ontario Place exhibition. When film is projected on hanging forms, images acquire semi three-dimensional qualities.

Visitors to Ontario Place frequently find themselves smack in the middle of historical battles. The redcoats above, are part of a sequence in the exhibition depicting the Seven Years' War and its effect upon Ontario. The exhibit, called Ontario Style, traces the historical events that shaped modern day Ontario.



Probably the most advanced cinema in the world, Cinesphere, is a huge triodetic dome 90 feet high and 110 feet in diameter. Inside, up to 800 people can watch films on a giant 60 by 80-foot screen and soak up sound from a unique 24 channel stereophonic sound system.

Reproduced actual size, a single IMAX frame from one of four films specially commissioned for Cinesphere. The IMAX projection system in Cinesphere was designed and produced in Ontario. It provides the largest and brightest motion picture image in the world. When shown in Cinesphere, the flames pictured opposite are as tall as a six storey building.



Jesuit missionaries, voyageurs and fur trappers were among Ontario's earliest settlers. To heighten authenticity in the Ontario Place exhibition, original locales were sought out and costumes faithfully reproduced by the exhibition film unit. Result: an unusually convincing trip back through time.



Rebellion in Upper Canada! Ontario Place visitors are swept up in a heated debate between William Lyon MacKenzie and Governor Sir Francis Bond Head. The debate is scripted from actual statements attributed to both protagonists. Passions eventually spilled over and led to the short-lived Rebellion of 1837 making MacKenzie one of Canada's few political fugitives.





The artist's rendering, above, depicts a scene from **EXPLOSIONS**, a segment of the Ontario Place exhibition tracing the province's economic growth. The exhibit incorporates 4 full theatre-size movie projectors, 96 slide projectors, sliding panels, historical artifacts and stereophonic sound.



Attractive hostesses dressed in uniforms specially created for Ontario Place, will direct visitors. Young men and women from Ontario universities and colleges fill many of the positions at Ontario Place.



How to maintain a society in which greatness can flourish? That's one of the questions confronting visitors in **Challenges**, the final phase of the Ontario Place exhibition. Part of the exhibit, shown above, depicts the lives and times of some of Ontario's greatest citizens.



Building Ontario wasn't all work as this square dance scene re-created at Pioneer Village demonstrates. This sequence is used in the **Explosions** exhibition at Ontario Place to indicate the agricultural development period of the mid 19th century.



It's fun to be a movie star. Especially when it gets you a day off school. These youngsters are some of more than twelve thousand Ontario school children appearing in a specially created film designed to climax the exhibition at Ontario Place.



The family picnic is back in fashion at Ontario Place. Almost three and a half acres of green grass, shrubbery and shade trees have been set aside for picnics and barbeques.



Now Great Lakes yachtsmen have someplace new to sail to. The Ontario Place Marina accommodates 300 boats and includes pump-out facilities, showers and lockers, an excellent seafood restaurant and a sailor's pub.



Man does not live on sights and sounds alone, so Ontario Place has incorporated over twenty restaurants and outlets for light snacks. Three of the restaurants are located in the Ontario Place pavilion with others spotted throughout the complex in three separate village-like clusters.



Ontario Place offers a lot to its little visitors. In addition to the excitement of the exhibition and the movies in Cinesphere, there are more than forty acres of parkland to romp around in.



Pleasure sailing is the mainstay of Ontario Place marine activities, but plans also call for competition on the water. A series of championship sailing regattas are planned for each Ontario Place summer season.



The Forum is a novel open-air theatre seating thousands—some under the tent-like roof—others on the grassy hillside. Everyone will have a good view. Entertainment will continue during the whole summer, seven days a week with a wide and interesting range of presentations.



Visitors to Ontario Place can explore its many canals and lagoons in small craft that rent out at a nominal charge. In addition to the drive 'em yourself boats, there are guided tour boat rides.



Ontario Place entertains you on the water, too. Aquatic events will include water skiing, sailing competitions and water safety shows. The sailing races are expected to attract yachtsmen from all over the world as well as the 9 Great Lakes.

Dear Reader:

We are an interesting and exciting province. One of our greatest assets, our size, is one of our problems. We are so vast it is almost impossible for a person to travel over the whole of the province and get to know it all.

We are also a changing province. So fast is our change that it is difficult to keep up with what is happening. It's like a child growing up and changing before our eyes.

This magazine is designed to give you some new insights into your province. It highlights some of the changes and tells of some of our life. The articles in it are written by people who know the province and love it and who want you to enjoy the towns and the country with the same enthusiasm they have.

While statistics make tacky reading most of the time there are some interesting ones which might stoke the fire of pride you have for Ontario. We account for some 40% of Canada's Gross National Product, so we are very important to the economic stability of Canada. We account for over 50% of Canada's manufacturing production. But we are also the leading Canadian agricultural producer. We account for 46% of all of Canada's exports. So you can see we are an international society. We also account for a solid 80% of Canada's fully manufactured exports. That's where the jobs come from.

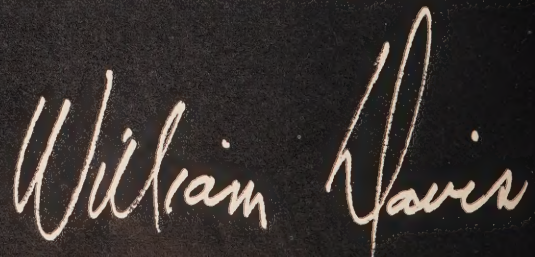
But figures (no matter how detailed) do not a province make. People do.

Those figures are meaningless unless they can be translated into ideas which influence and improve the quality of our lives.

We can look forward, in confidence, to more calm, sensible growth equal to, and I hope even greater, than the successful period we have just gone through.

This means we can look forward to a satisfying kind of economic stability, that, while it has its ups and downs as do all free economies, will be spared the disasters caused by wild and uncontrolled economic fluctuations which crush spirit and dash hope.

I believe the province will remain as accommodating as it has been in the past, exerting steady and calm influence on Canada and the rest of the world. I believe we will continue to keep our voices down and let ourselves be judged on the quality of our lives, the clarity of our ideas and the full measure and value of our accomplishments.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "William Davis". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background.

Prime Minister of Ontario.

CONTENTS

2 **Ontario Place — Countdown to Reality.** By Calvin McLauchlan. The story of an Ontario idea and how it grew. Mr. McLauchlan was responsible for much of the inventiveness you will find inside Ontario Place.

12 **So much for so many by so few.** By Rodger Schwass. This is a crisp description of modern Ontario farming methods. Mr. Schwass, a graduate of the Agricultural College in Guelph, has had considerable experience with farm broadcasting. He is now Vice-President of Hedlin, Menzies and Associates, a consulting firm.

16 **Web of wilderness.** By Nick Nickels. Mr. Nickels lives in Lakefield, Ontario and has been writing most of his life. His favourite subjects are wildlife, hunting, fishing and all things outdoors. He has worked as a newspaper photographer and reporter, a radio operator in the far north and is currently editing and producing a series of booklets on the Kawartha Lakes.

20 **Bay of Quinte Bullfrogs.** By Farley Mowat. In this narrative, Farley Mowat, who was born in the Quinte Area, reveals some of the interesting history, some of the fact and some of the fiction that is part of the Prince Edward County heritage.

26 **O.P.P.** By Robert Collins. Much like an iceberg, a large part of the Ontario Provincial Police is hidden from sight. This article tells about the part you seldom see. Robert Collins is the Editor of Toronto Life Magazine.

30 **Whistle stop.** By Harry Bruce. Ontario's north is full of discoveries. Some of them are covered here as Harry Bruce takes a trip by train through part of the north. Harry Bruce is a freelance writer now studying ecology on a fellowship from Southam.

38 **Each precious drop.** By Thelma Dickman. One of Ontario's greatest natural resources is water. Ontario Place Magazine explores the current crisis and reports on what is being done about it. Thelma Dickman is a freelance writer.

42 **Ontario decided to do it, then did it.** By Bill Straiton. The Editor of Ontario Place Magazine takes a look at two major areas of change in Ontario — education and housing.

46 **The wild rice harvesters.** By Sheila Burnford. This is a chapter taken from a recently published book, "Without Reserve" in which she talks about making friends with the northern forest Indians. Mrs. Burnford has also written two other books, "The Fields of Noon" and "The Incredible Journey".

50 **Children of the new people.** By Morley Callaghan. More than 2 million of Ontario's people have their roots in other countries. This is their story. Morley Callaghan, a leading Canadian author and novelist, has been given the Royal Bank Award for his contribution to human welfare and the common good.

54 **Goderich.** Ontario Place Magazine visits an Ontario town and captures its soul on film. Photos by John DeVisser. Text by Bill Straiton.

60 **The day I became an Ontari-ari-arian.** By Martin O'Malley. An essay describing how and when one writer chose Ontario as his Province. Martin O'Malley is a staff writer for The Globe Magazine.





SO MUCH, FOR SO MANY, BY SO FEW. The Vermillyeas typify farm families who run large operations that have been in the family for four generations and most of them have four sons (one son was away at the time of the photo) and they have one full-time manager. They have 40-45 milking cows and up to 300 steers. Farley Vermillyea, "couldn't be replaced for \$



the operations. The 1000 acre farm, planted almost entirely in corn, has the work is by the men you see in the photograph — grandfather, father (the picture was taken). Extra local labour is hired for planting and who looks after their 700 hogs. The farm also supports 60 head of dairy. In the picture you can only see about half their equipment which, says \$10,000". *Story by Roger Schwass. Photograph by Gordon Marci.*

At a recent summit meeting of Canadian financiers and businessmen, the speaker of the evening was Herman Kahn, eminent forecaster and physicist. A prominent businessman asked Dr. Kahn about the future role and status of business.

"How often", asked Dr. Kahn, "do you give thanks to the farmer as you begin a good meal?" Not a hand went up in the hall of over seven hundred men.

"In the past hundred years, the farmers of North America have accomplished the most amazing feat in the history of business. A hundred years ago, it required 80% of the population to feed the other 20%. Now, 5% can feed 95% with ease. If the business community of today... which makes up about 40% of the population... can equal the feat of the farmer, businessmen will be rewarded in the same manner as the farmer. With total obscurity."

Ontario, Canada's second largest province in total land area, has an agricultural industry that boggles the imagination, even though only 5% of Ontario's soil is suited for intensive farm production. With a few exceptions, much of the better land happens to be located in the very heart of Ontario's throbbing industrial areas, and farmers are forced to compete with industry, housing, highways and recreational facilities for its use.

Land use capability maps show that there is a narrow ribbon of good soil starting in the eastern counties, jutting briefly up into the Ottawa Valley, then following the northern shoreline of the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario westward. This good soil extends around, and sometimes under, the Golden Horseshoe to the Niagara Peninsula, and then broadens out to the west through Kitchener, London, Chatham, and on to Windsor. This is the Promised Land of Ontario agriculture.

We might well ask, "was it a coincidence that Highway 401, the Macdonald-Cartier Freeway, was built down the centre of this vital and productive heartland"? Why is it that industry and development always find their way to the better areas of agricultural production? Why not to the far north, or the rugged rocks of Muskoka, or the marginal lands of Eastern Ontario, where real estate is plentiful and cheap?

Well, it happens there is a very close and direct relationship between agricultural production and industrial

growth. The two were, in pioneer days, inter-dependent. They still depend upon one another for raw materials, for labour, for markets and for services. Dr. E. G. Pleva, Head of the Department of Geography, University of Western Ontario, calls this ribbon of agriculture, transportation and industry—"Ontario's Grand Trunk of Development".

In 1901, 40.2% of Canadians lived on the farm. In those days the farmer's central concern was in feeding himself and his family, and with luck having a little left over to buy the few goods that his strong back and his wife's nimble fingers could not produce.

By the middle of World War II, the farm population had been cut in half, to 18.6%. Farm boys were leaving for the military service. The Wartime Prices and Trade Board had appealed for more food to keep Britain in the front ranks of the battle. By working longer hours, employing more machinery, and using, for the first time, all the modern technology that was coming from the research laboratories and experimental stations, Ontario farmers responded. During that period they found farms could be operated by fewer people.

So, while it may have been the war that created a spirit of mobility among the young farm people, more likely it was the new technology that released them from the drudgery and hand labour that had tied so many generations to the land. Farm boys and girls had always migrated to the city, as a matter of necessity. But now the dam was opened and the migration to the cities became a flood.

Today in 1971, only 6% of the population lives on the farm, but each year food production either remains constant or increases. In fact, over-production has become the single greatest threat to the income and security of the farmer. Each year farms increase in size, and the potential of the industry increases. Harnessing and directing that potential poses a real challenge to farmers and their governments.

While some smaller farms produce only a small amount of food for sale, many farmers produce enough food for thousands of city families. The farmer, small or large, is still the owner, manager and principal source of labour for his farm. Over the last 30 years most farmers have increased the size of their farms, the amount of invested capital, and the size of their herds. The average size of all farms in Ontario increased from 126 to 162

acres in the period between 1941 and 1966, but many farms are much larger—up to and over a thousand acres.

Many of the smaller farms are marginal holdings with poor soil or distant markets. In many of these cases the farmer is employed full-time or part-time in off-farm employment. Such a man is in the middle of a process known as "adjustment" or "transition". He is being phased out, or is phasing himself out, of agriculture. Eventually his land will either be absorbed by neighbours who can utilize it to advantage, or it will be put to more suitable uses as a forestry or recreation area. But for the moment he is hanging on, living in the country, working in town, because it's the only home he has, and his wife feels secure.

Genuine commercial farms (a holding with annual sales in excess of \$2,500) tend to be much larger than the average, and in many cases they are in the 300 to 500 acres class. The commercial farmer leans toward being a specialist, but a specialist in two or three specific lines. He hedges one against the other to protect himself against market fluctuations, the weather and other unknowns. The average capital investment on census farms in 1941 was \$6,675—by 1966 it had jumped to \$44,447, and it is not uncommon to find commercial farms with a capital investment of \$150,000 to \$200,000 in land, equipment and livestock.

Napoleon once said, "an army travels on its stomach". It is also true that the affluence of a nation is best demonstrated by its eating habits, and we North Americans are meat eaters. We enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the civilized world, and we enjoy it! Take beef for example—beef has always been the rich man's status symbol. The thickness of the steak and the size of the roast were meant to impress people. Today, Canadians consume more beef per capita than ever before, nearly 90 lbs. The portable barbecue has been a prime force in this surge to the table, but change on the farm has been equally potent.

Many farmers, particularly in marginal areas of the province, and in Northern Ontario are specializing in cow-calf operations to provide feeders for the Southern Ontario corn belt. Some of these operations have assumed ranch size and stockmen see a new era of promise for the Great Clay Belt, the Rainy River District, Algoma and Manitoulin Island in supplying this livestock. There are now



Large farms demand large equipment. In one operation, this self-propelled swather mows and swaths forage and grain crops.

more than 31,000 head in these areas.

By cross-breeding various strains of livestock (not just cattle), by using antibiotic feeds, by the introduction of hormone implants, it has been possible in a few short years to make remarkable improvements in feeding efficiency.

Ontario has led the way in the genetic improvement of broilers, laying hens and hogs. One Ontario farmer developed new strains of broilers and hens which are used around the world. Another has developed a line of cross-bred hogs which are being exported to the Caribbean, Latin America, Spain and India.

Ontario dairy cows have become the basis for milk production in Latin America. They are collected on Ontario farms and shipped by air to provide the basis for new herds.

Of all our Ontario livestock, the hog in 1971 is one that is raised under the most modern conditions. And many of our larger hog operations now employ the very latest in anti-pollution equipment.

Today, egg and poultry meat production has become another domain of the specialist. Average production per bird per year is in excess of 200 eggs, and failures quickly find themselves on the way to the market. Not so many years ago the farm poultry flock was the private domain of the farmer's wife. She managed the flock, scrounged the grain from her husband's granary, sold the eggs and financed the household with the returns.

Of all aspects of the industry the poultry raising business has changed

the most. Chicken broilers have opened a whole new chapter in the poultry industry. In 20 years we have seen the length of time required to produce a four pound bird reduced from 14 weeks to 9 weeks. We are able to produce a pound of broiler meat from two pounds of commercial broiler ration. Medicated water supplies are metered under pressure to drinking fountains, and massive production units operate on a programmed schedule. In 1970 just over 700 farmers were producing broilers, truly one of the highly specialized forms of food production.

In each case, the Ontario consumer has called the tune, more beef, more broilers, more turkey meat, white shelled eggs with pale yokes, leaner pork, larger steaks of beef, and the producer has responded. In Ontario, the consumer is king, and the farmer-businessman gears his production to meet consumer demand.

Diversification has always been the strength and the saviour of Ontario agriculture. Because of his versatility, the Ontario farmer can move from crop to crop, hedging against changes in the market. Even the weatherman looks kindly upon much of the province and makes it possible to produce a wealth of tender fruits and other crops. It may surprise you to know that Ontario's Sunparlour, Essex and Kent Counties, enjoy the same latitude as Northern California.

Did you know that Ontario produces a major proportion of these Canadian-grown crops: pears 54%, plums 58%, sweet cherries 60%, peaches 80%, grapes 95%, sour cherries 100%, tomatoes for processing 99%, corn for processing 66%, potatoes 25%, mixed grains 50%, grain corn 99%, soybeans 100%, tobacco 98%, dry beans 99%?

Have you ever heard of the products of several marsh areas in Ontario at Bradford, Erieau, and Grand Bend: onions, celery, carrots, lettuce, potatoes? Or the year-round vegetable production in hundreds of acres of greenhouses of tomatoes and cucumbers?

Did you know that Ontario beekeepers are brokers in farm labour? They rent out their bees to perform pollination services for fruit and clover growers.

Did you know that the Ontario sheep industry is alive and well after a series of trials and tribulations ranging from import competition and synthetic fibres, to attacks on their flocks by dogs and other predators?

Did you know that farm vacations



These 100 pound milk cans are seldom used today. Milk moves from cow to bottle through sterilized pipes, glass and steel tanks.

have become a new and potentially significant source of income for Ontario farmers?

This great industry remains the cornerstone of Ontario's economy. Each year, Ontario farmers spend more than a billion dollars on goods and services that create jobs for thousands of people. They use farm machinery, automobiles, trucks, electrical equipment, building materials, feeds, fertilizers, tires, gasoline, and petroleum products, as well as clothing, furniture, food, pharmaceutical products. They need medical and dental care. They play a very vital role in the commerce of the country and the local community.

Ontario's farm owner-manager is a far cry from the quaint and inarticulate character of fiction. His home is modern, and he has had hydro, television and other amenities for many years. His family attends a regional school and obtains an education that is equal to anything offered in the city. His family will probably go on to advanced education, and in some cases the farm will pass on to another generation. But the trend toward fewer and larger farms continues, although the pace is somewhat slower than it was in the immediate post-war years. Perhaps the outlook for the future can best be described by the Minister of Agriculture and Food for Ontario, Hon. Wm. A. Stewart, when he said, "Farming is a business rather than a way of life, and only those, who in the future approach the industry in a business-like manner, will remain to enjoy the benefits of rural living".

WEB OF WILDERNESS.

By Nick Nickels

Lindsay district supervisor of fish and wildlife Percy Swanson, Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, had been detailed to Lake Lavielle in north-central Algonquin Park to live trap an excess in the population of pine marten. The trapped animals were to be flown and released into southern forestry districts to augment future wild fur stocks. By his sixth night in camp Swanson had caught, earmarked and caged eight of these vicious big-cousin “weasels”. To record something of his wilderness legerdemain, a department Beaver sea-plane had flown me at sundown to his hide-out cabin and left me for the night.



Photograph Freeman Patterson

The mosquitoes drove us into the dark sanctuary of the sway-backed cabin and the protection of the fly bars around the rusty bunk beds. We smoked and talked in the July dark and I saw to it that Swanson did most of the talking. This articulate Cree-Ojibwa-Scottish-English woodsman talks simply and with deep understanding about Ontario's wildlife.

“Too few people in my book take the trouble to understand the forest,” Swanson began, exhaling a long sigh of cigarette smoke. “I suppose it is because the forests of Ontario are so vast and commonplace they make folks indifferent to them. More and more trappers, campers, fishermen and hunters are attracted each year to the clean beauty of the wilderness. They enjoy it. The experience serves as a safety valve to the building pressures of modern urban living. Unfortunately, the people spoil their birthright with trash and destroy it completely with fire.

“The wilderness of Ontario is big; 800 miles south-north from the Kawarthas to Cape Henrietta Maria; 1,100 miles east-west from Pembroke to Pikangikum. I have travelled most of it as a professional trapper and civil servant since my teenage years at home in Chapleau at the centre of the province. Even before that an appreciation of nature was taught me when I spent my childhood summers with three great-aunts at Missanabie. Those devout Christian relatives revealed to me that Manitou — God, Nature, call it what you will — had devised the most outstanding inter-related Plan. My aunts labelled the Plan in our tongue the Web of Wilderness. They showed me simply how all living and growing things form the web.

“For instance, when we tended the nets set for whitefish, my aunts drew my attention to the mosquito larvae hatching in the water. And the fish eating the larvae. And the kingfishers living off the coarse fish fry. They showed me a kingfisher that had been killed by a mink. They took me to visit an old fellow down the road who trapped mink and other fur bearers for a living. Those are some of the more obvious strings of the web of wilderness my aunts showed me.”

Swanson's train of thought was suddenly derailed. The caged marten were hissing and snarling at some night prowler at the waterfront. We rolled from our bunks and stepped outside to investigate. The marten quieted down — it might have been an inquisitive 'coon. We lingered to listen to other intimate night sounds. A pair of loons, probably with a brood atow, keened family talk, far off. An unseen beaver in passing made a water-rippling sound as it ferried fresh cut brush to a dam. A night feeding trout swirled in the shallows. Bullfrogs mur-umphed in the marsh. A pair of whip-poor-



Percy Swanson shows how a pine marten trap is set. After it is put in position, it is covered with branches and moss. The trapped marten (which is a very mean and cranky animal) is moved to an area of low marten population to restore the balance. The trap is absolutely harmless.

wills, whipping it up in the poplar, stopped in mid-note.

"Listen..." hissed Swanson. "A wolf talking..." Sure enough. From the top of a granite monolith hill a couple of miles away came a soft, rising, rising cadence. The wolf howl was answered from a ridge farther away. The night hunting signals were terse and seemed dispirited. All too soon the mosquitoes homed in on our human sweat smell and drove us soft footing to our bunks in the cabin. Swanson talked about wolves.

"For going on to seven years the biologists of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests carried out a thorough study of timber wolves in this Algonquin Park wildlife sanctuary. Some of their findings showed an average adult male wolf weighs 65 pounds, the female ten pounds less. There is one wolf to each ten square miles of parkland. About 20 wolf packs, averaging about five animals to the pack, were studied by the biologists in two controlled areas. They found the wolf population in the park is stable because of low reproductive rate, high mortality among pups and yearlings, and by emigration. Some animals travel more than 85 miles.

"Wolves prey on deer for 80 percent of their food and on moose and beaver in equal amounts, about eight per cent. In summer kills are high among fawns and calves. The switch is to adult animals in winter with a higher ratio of kills when the snow is deep. Wolves immediately eat a large portion of each kill. The remainder that they leave is an important source

of food for scavenging fisher, marten, foxes, eagles, Canada jays and ravens."

"The department biologists lured wolves for close study by taped wolf calls. They also captured them alive in mercy traps and snares for measuring, weighing and tagging, and with drugged darts shot from helicopters and at ground level. Some animals were released equipped with transistorized radio transmitters set into collars so their movements could be plotted electronically. Wolf and deer populations in Algonquin Park were found to keep one another in balance."

Our talk drifted naturally from wolves in particular to Ontario animals in general.

"Unlike the birds that migrate, animals do not stray far from forest cover in summer. They move deeper into the forest in winter for warmth, protection and easier access to food. A few, such as bears, chipmunks and groundhogs, hibernate. Mice, rabbits, deer and moose are browsers. The latter browse in summer off the tender underwater shoots of the waterlily. Such harvesting allows sluggish water currents to circulate. Both moose and deer nibble tree brush in winter in areas about 20 miles long by one mile wide. When the snow is deep they yard up. And when snow continues to build up and the yard browse is finished, the animals starve.

"Porcupines are bark eaters and kill commercial trees. Beavers are bark eaters too, but they harvest generally non-commercial wood, using it both for food and dam building. Beaver dams control the



Diligent bird watchers can check off more than 350 species in Ontario's forests, fields and shrubs. The adult Cedar Waxwing is considered genteel (as birds go) but the youngsters are spunky and pugnacious.

water table of the wilderness and provide ponds for fish, bird and animal life.

In the northern taiga forest zone of Ontario roam small bands of woodland caribou. They feed chiefly on sub-arctic mosses. Found there also are the occasional lynx and wildcat and the bad-tempered wolverine. "At the edge of the flat coastal plains facing Hudson and James Bays in Ontario polar bears find suitable spots for winter brood dens.

While sport hunting is a very important 'industry' wild fur trapping is a larger commercial business in Ontario than most people realize. Indeed, it was wild fur that established Ontario's, and Canada's first business in 1611. Sixty years later the first trading post in the nation was established at Moose Fort which is now known as Moose Factory, Ontario."

Although the common misconception of the life of a trapper in the wilds is that of a romantic freebooter, he is very much a businessman producing pelts conservatively from his licensed area. Through a trapper association, assisted by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, six times a year each member trapper's catch is fairly graded and auctioned at North Bay, to buyers from around the world. There are 9,000 registered trappers in the province. Wild fur trapped and sold comes from beaver, bear, weasel, fisher, red and coloured fox, lynx, marten, mink, muskrat, otter, racoon, skunk, squirrel, wolf and wolverine.

"Bear and beaver pelts are dried flat, the latter stretched and tacked to plywood boards which, in the largest sizes, measure more than 65 inches across. This size is called 'blanket' beaver. All other pelts are slipped off the animal carcass, in one piece like a glove, and stretched on hoops and boards. All green pelts must be scraped clean of body fat and tissue before drying."

The land sweep of Ontario is tremendous. This fact emerged clearly as Percy Swanson's talk turned from trapping to the teeming birdlife that inhabits the various geographical zones of the province.

"Were it not for the birds insects would take over the world. The bird's appetite for insects is huge, regardless that some species live principally on fish, flesh or seeds. Birds help keep aquatic life under control, too. They eat coarse fish, frogs, toads and snakes. Some fish eaters such as the bittern, blue heron, osprey and kingfisher cannot swim while the swimming-diving loon can barely walk.

"Tree climbing woodpeckers and sapsuckers can kill young trees. But they compensate for this small loss in the great amount of spiders, caterpillars, moths, insect eggs and larvae they consume."

Percy talked about their nest building.

"The hummingbird's nest is nut-sized and difficult to find. The wren, warbler, robin and grosbeak are

among the more skillful of the bird architects. The hanging hammock nest of the oriole is a masterpiece of weaving. In comparison, heron and osprey nests are untidy piles of small brush on the tops of dead trees, roosting trees they have killed with their droppings. The whip-poor-will has no nest at all; it wiggles into the natural dead leaf duff on the forest floor."

Swanson's interesting monologue about Ontario birds included the all-important waterfowl and upland game birds that attract hunters each fall.

"There are two dozen species of diving and puddle ducks. The well-known diver ducks — redhead, goldeneye, merganser, bluebill and canvas back — frequent large bodies of water. All ducks are canny; sharp of sight but poor of hearing. The migration of geese in spring and fall, up and down the tributaries of the Mississippi flyway, is one of life's all-time dramatic sights. The southern flights on the tidewater flats of Hudson and James Bays are a shooter's dream come true. There, migrating snows, blues and Canadas, literally darken the skies while feeding at morning and night. Those hunters who prefer to shoot closer to home have satisfactory luck with upland game birds chiefly in southern and central Ontario. They shoot snipe, ruffed grouse, Hungarian partridge, ringnecked pheasant and woodcock."

Swanson seemed to have finished talking for the night. But, no, a final thought . . .

"Although man preys on birds, no birds in Ontario prey on man."

We had dozed off in the early hours and slept in until after sunrise.

The department seaplane surprised us by calling at Lake Lavielle as we cleaned up camp after breakfast. We quickly loaded the plane with gear and the caged pine marten and climbed aboard under the harrying tongue of the pilot; he had a long day's flying ahead, he said, and had no time for laggards. Impatiently, the pilot started the engine, horsed the seaplane onto the step and climbed it aloft, heading toward Jack's Lake, 125 miles away to the south, in the Kawarthas.

Algonquin Park spread green and water-jewelled in all directions. I studied the surface with deeper understanding after our long night's talk and came to more easily grasp the philosophy of Swanson's web of wilderness. As though reading my thoughts, he shouted in my ear, "Somehow, people will have to understand that the wilderness," he swept his hand in a flat arc, "the wilderness and all the land is theirs to properly look after. Theirs."

I nodded, knowing that the department's continuing enlightened programs of education toward that goal would hopefully preserve the mysterious web of wilderness for all wildlife, and man himself.

Ontario is not often thought of as the home of a seafaring race; but away down in its southeastern corner lies a place where the waters mated with the land to make a nursery that, for over a century, reared as competent, hardy and daring a race of sailors as any born and bred beside salt and water.



BAY OF QUINTE BULLFROGS.

By Farley Mowat
photographs John de Visser

It is now called Prince Edward County — a name given to it late in life. Before Europeans reached it, the Mississauga Indians, who owned it, called it *Kantee*. What was the origin of the name? Well, according to an impeccable local source it arose in the distant past when a very ancient Mississauga Chief had to take a journey. The old man was a widower, but there was a young chief of his band who possessed a seductively beautiful bride. The old Chief politely asked the younger man if the young wife could accompany him on the trip, to cook his meals and help paddle the canoe. The young chief readily agreed because, as he told his wife: "That old man can't do anything, anyway." Two weeks later, when the travellers returned, the wife looked her husband in the eye for a moment, and said: "Oh, he kan't, kan'tee!"

The French explorers who later "discovered" the place in the 1600's kept the name, calling it *Presqu' Isle de Quinté*—Almost-Island of Kantee; which was a good way to describe this low-lying slab of limestone covered with rich black soil that nestled against the north shore of Lake Ontario and was separated from the mainland by the convolutions of the Bay of Quinté; and connected to it only by a thin umbilicus of dry land at the Almost-Island's western end.

Although only 47 miles long and 22 wide, Prince Edward County is so eaten into by the surrounding waters that its coast is more than 160 miles in length. The farthest one can get away from navigable waters anywhere in the County is six miles; and that is not far enough to escape the call of the water sirens. It was inevitable that those who settled here should become amphibious. French *coureur de bois*, who had many times paddled up and down in their great canoes through the Bay of Quinté en route between Montreal and the fur country to the west, became the first squatters. Although their



Old Bullfrogs have seen the change in boats from sail to steam to power. Modern Bullfrogs challenge the lakes in slick craft.



above — Picton's tidy harbour, a haven for pleasure craft, saw more than 48 schooners, steamers, and other ships built between 1853 and 1928.

left — For 50 years (and more) Quinte fishermen have been plagued with moss which tangles in the nets. The moss, picked up while the nets lie on the bottom, has to be dried and picked out or the fish can't gill. Whitefish is the mainstay. In '69 Quinte fishermen hauled more than 769,000 pounds of perch, whitefish, bass.

right — top to bottom — The Salmon Point Lighthouse, built in 1871, still warns shipping away from the wicked shoals and a spit which projects two and a half miles into the water.

When a topheavy sloop ferrying a threshing machine capsized in a storm 27-year old Henry Sellick was drowned. As the story goes, two men, clinging to a small hatchcover, prevented him from climbing aboard by clubbing his hands with an oar. His body, with the tell tale broken hands, washed ashore in front of his own home.

Scuba divers recovered this wheel from the schooner City of Sheboygan which sank in 95 feet of water, 11 o'clock one Sunday morning in 1915. People on shore stood by helplessly as they watched the schooner go down with all hands in a raging September storm.

The schooner Fleetwing suffered the fate of many ships of her time. When her useful life was over she was beached and left to break up. Her hard oak frame pokes out of the water when the lake is low.





memory has all-but been obliterated by English chauvinism, they were still living contentedly on the Almost-Island in company with the Mississaugas when, at the end of the 18th Century, the English came. The French were absorbed, and the Indians dispossessed by a wave of unhappy British exiles fleeing the newly independent United States. The first of these United Empire Loyalists took up land in the County in 1784, and within twenty years they had occupied all of it.

They started out to be good, solid dirt farmers but the subtle effects of the surrounding waters soon changed them. The Lake and the Bay called, and the settlers answered. At first they did so timidly in rough rowboats, hugging the shores. Then they began venturing far out into the open lake as fishermen. Being effectively cut off from the mainland, they were soon forced to begin building little schooners so they could move their produce. Thus they had already become competent watermen when the great days of sail blossomed on the Lakes in the mid-1800's.

During the decades from 1850 to 1890 there was a fantastic efflorescence of shipping on Lake Ontario. Much of it was due to the already insatiable American thirst for beer. Canadian barley was in such demand that almost every farm within wagon-reach of Lake Ontario's northern shores was given over to barley growing. All of it had to be moved across to the American breweries by water. Schooners, big and small, were built by the hundreds; but it was one thing to build them and another to man them. There was only one real reservoir of sailing men, and that was in the Bay of Quinté and on Prince Edward County.

Dozens of little hamlets and villages around the shores of the Bay and the County became seaports. Napanee, Deseronto, Picton, Milford, Marysburgh and Sophias-

burgh became ship-building towns. There was hardly a man in the region who did not spend part of his years afloat. So huge did the sailing fleet become that its needs finally resulted in the Almost-Island becoming a real island, with the digging of the Murray Canal in the 1870's to link the western end of the Bay of Quinté with Lake Ontario, through Brighton Bay.

Lake Ontario soon wasn't big enough to hold its countless ships. A number of local vessels, crewed by County men, sailed down the St. Lawrence and went deep-sea. Some of them voyaged to Europe, to South America, and even into the Pacific around the Horn. When the barley trade died suddenly, as the result of the imposition of savage American tariffs, the sailing fleet faded fast; but by then steam was taking over anyway. The County and Bay shipwrights and sailors continued to build and man the new vessels—side-wheelers at first, and finally screw-driven ships, right up to the end of the Second World War.

Nowadays no more ships are built in the Bay or on the County; but local men still serve aboard the big lake vessels and the seafaring tradition remains alive. It is always present in memory too. Every cemetery in the region contains its quota of headstones commemorating the deaths of men (and women, since the cooks on the boats were almost always women) who were taken by the hungry waters. All too frequently the stones mark empty graves. Many of the drowned lie forever hidden in the cold depths of Lake Ontario.

The bones of lost ships clutter the shores, but the greatest vessel graveyard is near the Main Duck and False Duck Islands off the County's eastern tip. More than 200 vessels are believed to have been lost in County waters; and they took with them close to a thousand men and women of the unsung seafaring race of Prince Edward County and the Bay of



This modern, efficient, and somewhat unromantic light recently replaced the one which had guarded the shores since built in 1833. The old lighthouse accused of being unsafe, was blown up much to the annoyance of local historians.

Quinté.

These waters are now rich hunting grounds for scuba divers whose diving flags flicker all around the shores on calm summer days. The flags are needed now, for the waters are again alive with the vessels of a fast growing pleasure fleet.

The Bay has become the gathering place and thoroughfare for many hundreds of pleasure craft that come to it and leave it along five great water highways. Some come from the west, running down the open lake to the Bay's protected waters through the Murray Canal. Others come out of the northwest from Georgian Bay, snaking down the Trent Canal to enter the Bay at Trenton. From the

northeast, pleasure boats slide down the Rideau Canal from the Ottawa River to Kingston, turn west and sail into the Bay through North Channel. They come up the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands, and so into the Bay. And they come across the Lake from the American shore, to cruise the gentle waters of Quinté.

I was born on Quinté's shores at Belleville and, as a child of two, first cruised its waters with my parents in an open sailing dinghy. My father was born there too, at Trenton, and according to reliable authorities, he was actually conceived on the Bay—in a green canoe under the lee of Indian Island. At any rate he and I both qualify for the title of Bay of

Quinté Bullfrog; the nick-name by which Bay of Quinté sailors have been known during more than a century over the whole breadth and length of the Great Lakes.

In 1967, after the absence of many years, I returned to the Bay as skipper of my own Newfoundland fishing schooner, the *Happy Adventure*. She and I were utterly weary after a 1600-mile voyage westward from salt water. The charms of the old, quiet Bay, were solace to our souls.

We came down North Channel to Adolphus Reach and lay a night at anchor in Prinyers Cove where one of the first of the *coureur de bois* broke land, and left his bones and his name. In the morning we sailed down Adolphus passing



Two sailors have just returned from being caught in a force 9-10 gale, which blew up unexpectedly. Travellers get a sniff of Quinte air on the Glenora Ferry which works to join the highway from Picton to Kingston. The ferry is free.

Lake-on-the-Mountain and dodging the little ferry at Glenora. Entering Long Reach we turned north, and I could look astern and see the somnolent little town of Picton at the head of the Reach, once home to a fleet of scores of big schooners and paddlewheel steamers. Northward we sailed, past the winding, fish-filled shallows of Hay Bay, to Deseronto; then west again along the low pastoral shores of the Tyendinaga Indian Reserve, settled by Mohawk allies of the British, after their expulsion from the United States in 1784. Under a flaming sun, and bright skies, we drifted west across Big Bay, past Mississauga Point and the Minnie Blakely Shoal, under Belleville bridge, to find a gentle anchorage

at last in Onderdonk's Cove, directly across the Bay from Trenton harbour.

As I lay in my bunk that night, the long voyage finished, I thought about another schooner—the 130-foot three-master, *Oliver Mowat*, one of the last and largest of the forgotten fleet that called these waters home. She too had lain at anchor in this very place a few days before setting sail for Oswego in the late summer of 1921 to fetch a lading of coal. She never made her port. During the night of September 1, she was cut in two by a big steamer off the Main Ducks. Captain Tom VanDusen of Picton; his mate, and the lady cook, a Miss McGregain, went down with the ship. And they say, around the

Bay, that it was with the death of the *Oliver Mowat* that the great days of sail truly came to an end.

Perhaps they are being a little hasty. When I got up next morning there was a brisk westerly breeze. As I sat on deck sipping my coffee I counted thirteen sailing yachts put out of Trenton with started sheets and then go reaching down the Bay with everything set and drawing. Running fast before the wind, they gave new life to the long sweep of glittering waters. It seemed like a rebirth; and I thought that the waters which were once the greatest cradle for seafaring men on all the inland Lakes, were still nursing a sailing breed.

The Bay of Quinté Bullfrogs are still alive, and well.



O.P.P.

DOSSIER. BORN: 1792. NAMED: 1908. **PERSONALITY:** Tough, able, gentle, diligent. **TALENT:** Diversified. **AVOCATION:** To protect life and property. **AMBITION:** To maintain the tranquility of the individual. This is the story of the best, and at the same time, least known police force in the province; the force that everyone sees but hardly anyone really knows.

By Robert Collins

When Air Canada Flight 621 plunged into the ground north of Toronto last July 5, killing 109 people, the Ontario Provincial Police—as usual—were ready. Naturally, the crash was as totally unexpected to them as to anyone else. Nor had the OPP ever dealt with a major air disaster before. Yet they knew precisely what to do. Years before, they had devised a master plan for just such an emergency.

Under the plan, Department of Transport officials were to quickly notify the “Provincials” of any crash within their jurisdiction (which this one, in Toronto Gore Township, was). But even before DOT got on the line on July 5, a citizen had phoned the news to Corporal Austen of Brampton detachment. Instantly Austen was on the police radio, throwing a double ring of uniformed men around the crash site. This helped immeasurably in keeping sensation-seekers from trampling over valuable clues or walking off with bits of evidence.

Plain-clothes men from the OPP Special Services Division were soon busy at the scene. Some were helping investigate the possibility of sabotage (later ruled out), others had the grisly but necessary task of locating fragments of clothing, belongings and human remains, numbering and photographing their location, then arranging their transport in refrigerated vans to an arena where identification was made. These men worked 12-hour shifts around the clock until the job was done.

Afterward, airline officials said they'd never seen such efficient police handling of an airline disaster. It was a new experience for the OPP (and one they hope they'll never repeat), yet in one way it was routine.

All over Ontario, this third-largest deployed police force in North

America (after the RCMP and the California Highway Patrol) is *always* ready; the 4750 uniformed and civilian employees, the 1400 motorized vehicles (from motorcycles to snowmobiles), the 51 skiffs and launches for patrolling 68,490 square miles of Ontario water, the seven trained police dogs, the teletype network, the radio system (one of the most extensive FM networks in the world, with 102 fixed stations).

“There is always someone on duty” stresses Assistant Commissioner A. H. Bird, head of the Field Division. “The OPP never sleeps. Our job is to protect life and property; to maintain the tranquility of the individual. In the course of this we must sometimes do things that are unpopular with some individuals. But that's the function of police work.”

To most Ontarians the unpleasant part is the golden-helmeted motorcycle cop or the car-and-aircraft team that nips you when you cheat on the speed limit. To most of us, in fact, the OPP means *only* highway patrol. True enough, the Provincials patrol 75,000 miles of Ontario's highway, secondary, county and township roads. But that's just the visible tip of the iceberg. The OPP is both the best and least-known force in the province; the force that everyone sees and hardly anyone really knows.

So, what *is* the OPP? It's a plain-clothes man checking a small town carnival game at a fall fair. A disgruntled loser claims the operator is running a “roll down”—one of those pinball-type games where you win a prize if the steel balls all roll into holes. Except in this game they never quite *fit* the holes, so you haven't a hope of winning. The operator is charged with cheating at play, an offence under the Criminal Code.

It's a constable at Moosonee on

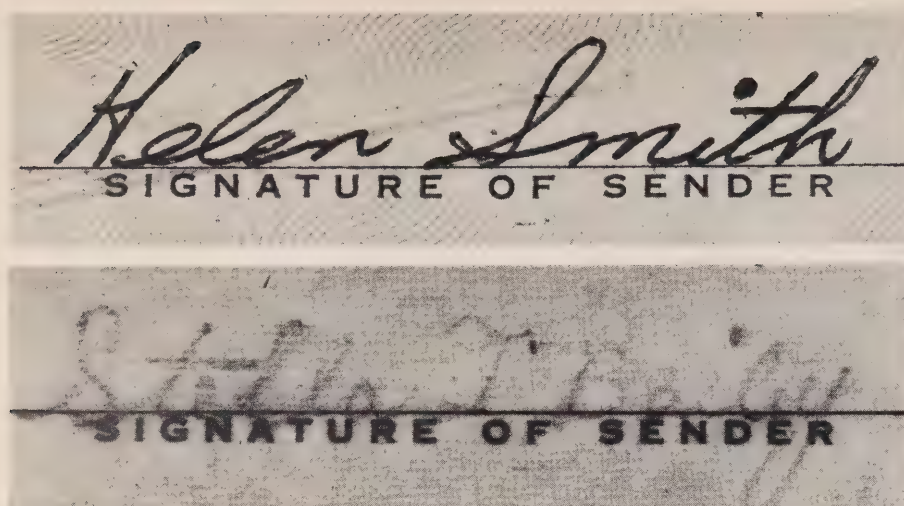
James Bay, hearing from a worried mother how her husband drifted away to Winnipeg. No crime involved here but because, in small communities, the OPP are not just cops but friends, this Provincial relays a query to Winnipeg: anybody seen this wandering Daddy? If so, nudge him back toward home.

It's a CIB (criminal investigation branch) team finding a scrap of red tinfoil 20 feet from the body of a robbed and murdered taxi driver in St. Thomas, tracing it to a certain brand of wine, finding out the names of all the people who bought that wine recently in the area, and finding among one of *them* a man who was flashing large sums of money at a dance shortly after the murder. And so tracking down two murderers who were subsequently sentenced to life imprisonment.

It's a constable evacuating all students from a rural school and searching the premises for a reported bomb. There are several such bomb scares every year and this one, like all of them to date, proves to be a false alarm. But the OPP catches and lays a charge against the mischief maker—a student who fervently wishes the school *would* blow up.



Lost snowmobilers are sought, and cottage property is protected from vandalism by police on snowmobiles.



One day Helen Smith paid her rent with a \$90 money order. A few days later another tenant in the same building complex, Stella T. Bailey, claimed a \$90 money order was missing. Using special techniques the forensic squad was able to see through the Helen Smith name to reveal the name of the true owner, Stella T. Bailey. Case Closed.

And OPP also means the anti-rackets branch catching up with self-styled "literary agents". Thousands of dollars have been milked from various aspiring authors whose works never see the light of day. Amateurs pay for "the first press run", and then are held off by reports of a series of "calamities": strikes, floods, press breakdowns and finally the "death" of the publisher (who never did exist).

So goes the OPP case book, from the mundane to the stuff that thrillers are made of; from catching a small town bootlegger peddling booze to minors, to buttonholing visiting U.S. gangsters as soon as they set foot on the tarmac at Malton airport.

As a force, the OPP has been doing its job for 62 years but, in a sense, it all really began 96 years ago. That's the year John Wilson Murray, a steely-eyed man with shaggy moustache, receding hairline and a high starched collar, became the first provincial constable. As the official "Detective for the Government of Ontario", Murray had *carte blanche*. He was assigned to "pursue and apprehend criminals wherever they sought refuge" and he did exactly that for 31 years (getting additional men to help him in the latter years).

Then in the early 1900s, the discovery of silver near Cobalt, and gold in the Porcupine region, brought such a surge of prospectors, fortune hunters, crooks and crime that the province in 1909 established the Ontario Provincial Police. Today the OPP, headed by Commissioner Eric Silk, is divided into "operations" and "services", encompassing the field, traffic, administration, staff services and special services divisions. Its 190 de-

tachments in 17 districts are responsible for policing the highways, enforcing liquor laws, providing police service for those municipalities that have none and aiding all police forces that require help, particularly in criminal cases.

The crime-busting aspect is the oldest (dating back to John Wilson Murray) and, to the layman, most glamorous part of the job. Nowadays it all comes under the special services division, a low-key name for some rather exotic activities. There's the anti-rackets branch, for example, which concentrates on "white-collar crimes". One of the biggest of these is cheque stealing, forgery and uttering. Unless the cheque passer is nabbed on the spot it may be weeks



Fingerprinting still plays a large role in crime detection. Frequently the ringleaders of cheque-passing rings get nabbed through telltale latent fingerprints or signatures.

before the crime is detected, when the bad cheque is cleared back to some legitimate company. Catching the ringleader is hardest of all. Generally he relays his cheques to his passers on the street, never letting them know his headquarters. But frequently he makes a mistake, such as endorsing all the cheques himself, and so eventually being trapped by hand-writing or fingerprint experts.

Meanwhile the auto theft branch is engrossed with another line of larceny—motorbike thefts, stimulated by the popularity of motorcycle gangs and by the high incidence of young men who don't choose to buy their own machine. In 1969 the OPP cracked a five-man gang operating between Toronto and Sudbury and a single entrepreneur peddling stolen bikes and parts around Orangeville. There was also the case of the gentleman farmer near Bowmanville, a college graduate who, his neighbours noticed, was raising a fine crop of automobiles but not much else. The OPP quietly investigated, did some checking with U.S. police forces and promptly swooped down on the graduate. He'd been boosting U.S. cars, changing their appearance and identification numbers back on his homestead, then selling them around Ontario.

The criminal intelligence branch is meanwhile matching wits with quite a different brand of crook—the "organized" gangster and the Mafia (the two are not synonymous). "It's no secret that Quebec and the U.S. have an organized crime problem", says Assistant Commissioner D.A. Nicol, Head of Special Services Division: "Ontario is relatively free of it, and we want to keep it that way."

The OPP, through liaison with police forces all over North America, has information on most of the known criminals on the continent. Recently it added more intelligence men to various cities along the U.S. and Quebec borders and to Toronto International airport. Often, a chat with an incoming hoodlum will discourage him from settling in Ontario; he may even be persuaded to catch the next plane out.

Something else is new in OPP Special Services: the security branch. The "S" Branch is staffed by hand-picked men who help protect VIPs on various official occasions. When a dignitary makes a visit solely to Ontario, the "S" plain-clothes men watch over him during his stay. If the visit has federal overtones—a Royal Tour, say, or a member of the federal government, the "S" men and RCMP share protection

duties. When a demonstrator disrupted the opening of the Ontario Legislature last February 24, 1970, an "S" man helped haul him out. When trouble is brewing on a university campus anywhere in the province, an "S" man is quickly there to see if uniformed police may be needed.

While the "S" men work in anonymity, the CIB inevitably makes headlines. Murder, rape, kidnapping, robbery are their business, and some cases read like the finest detective fiction. In 1952, for instance, a Kincardine farmer's wife vanished while the farmer and family were vacationing at a cabin near Tobermory. When he returned home, and subsequently moved in with another woman, the neighbours wondered. Had the wife run away as the husband claimed? Or was it murder? The OPP investigated but found no trace of the missing



John Wilson Murray was the first salaried OPP. He was first hired for a probationary period as a Detective for the Government of Ontario. Two years later, (in 1877) he was hired permanently.

woman. The Provincials doggedly pecked away at the case, amassing fragments of evidence. More and more it looked like foul play, but with no conclusive proof. Then in 1961 one of the farmer's children, now grown and no longer terrified of testifying, told how the youngsters had seen the father carry their mother's body out of the cabin that night nine years before. The OPP brought the entire cabin floor—in carefully coded pieces—back to the Ontario Government's Centre of Forensic Sciences, commonly called the crime lab. The Centre, located near OPP headquarters, devotes much of its time to OPP cases, although it reports to the Attorney General and serves all police forces in the province.

The science wizards reassembled the floor and found, under nine years' accumulated muck, three dozen human bloodstains, and evidence that someone had tried to erase some of those stains. With this and a mountain of other evidence—and despite the absence of the victim's body—the farmer was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Perhaps the most classic criminal case in OPP history was the kidnapping of Mrs. Mary Nelles from her

case when Constable Al Boley of Mount Forest detachment and head of the dog training programme, brought his German shepherd Kanaka to the Barrie area to sniff out evidence. Within 20 minutes the dog had tracked down clothing, blankets and mattresses used by the kidnappers. OPP aircraft were involved, tailing a car that picked up the ransom money. Later OPP Scuba divers (there are 56 of them, all volunteers recruited from the ranks) combed Muskoka wa-



The OPP works closely with the Centre of Forensic Sciences of the Ontario Department of Justice. The photograph (above) shows how marks left by a pair of suspect bolt cutters, found and retained during a routine investigation of an automobile, matched marks on a lock shackle left at the scene of a break and enter. Conclusion: positive identification.

Claremont home in September, 1969. Every newspaper reader knows how the pretty blonde daughter of a millionaire industrialist was snatched by five men and held for \$200,000 ransom. Everyone heard of the massive manhunt, ending in four days with Mrs. Nelles' return and the arrest of the kidnappers. But less known is the teamwork, involving many police forces but particularly every facet of the OPP.

The first break came through that workhorse arm of the force, the highway patrol, which is trained to shift instantly from ordinary patrol to roadblocks on signal. They did on this occasion, checking everyone that went through the area. The next piece in the jigsaw puzzle was a kidnappers' phone call to the unlisted number of Mrs. Nelles' father. Detectives ran through the list of people who knew this number, checked it against those who had gone through the roadblock, came up with a name, and had a suspect.

The OPP canine squad got into the

ters and recovered a briefcase used to carry part of the ransom money.

All of which was a striking example of what A/C Bird means when he says, "We're a service organization. We can't show you a profit and loss statement but we can show you that we've served well, to the best of our ability".

The best of their ability seems to be very good indeed. You could even argue that the OPP shows a profit. Take the time during a rash of bank robberies, the detachment near Cornwall got a tip from a private citizen that something funny was going on in the bush nearby. A group of men seemed to be just jumping in and out of cars! The OPP had a look. The men were jumping in and out of cars. They were bank robbers, practising their getaway tactics. Very shortly they jumped into an OPP car, on their way to the cells. It was a loss for the gang (for once, practice didn't make perfect) but it turned a handsome profit for banks in the Cornwall area.



WHISTLE STOP. In which writer, Harri
north, stopping off



ruce and photographer, Freeman Patterson take the train
ere and there for visits in the sundry towns along the way.

I come from steamy old Toronto, and I now live in a village that huddles itself right down on the edge of Lake Ontario, just about as far south as I can possibly arrange to be. I have never really cared to go much further north than, say, eighty miles—perhaps to some tame and magical little lake where the moon shines down on a posh resort, a big dance band, and cabins with wall-to-wall broadloom.

Oh, I knew there was another north, a true north. Like most people who live in Ontario, I knew the northland was a place of limitless hydro-electric potential and vast timber resources; a place of moose and geese and wolves and silver foxes, and great bears of many colours; a place where huge rivers run the wrong way (down north); a place where, for most of this century, men have grubbed for the metals that might make them indescribably rich, where they've poked and prodded at the earth's poor old crust, and scratched it, scraped it, punctured it, pounded it, blown it apart, ground it up, dragged it away, melted it down, and shipped it around the world.

I knew that, in Northern Ontario, all mining discoveries were "fabulous" and that, in some vague way, the well-being of myself and of virtually everyone else in Canada owed a lot to the minerals up there in the three-billion-year-old rock of the Pre-Cambrian Shield, to the men who found the metal and brought it out, and to the men and women who continued to live in places whose very names were

somehow synonyms for all that was bleak and cheerless. Places where, every winter, the temperature plummeted to 40 below zero, and stayed there for a while! Sudbury, Timmins, Cobalt, Latchford, Kirkland Lake, Larder Lake, South Porcupine, Cochrane, Kapuskasing, Hearst and, sweet merciful heavens above, Moosonee!

You see, I knew about the north, but I was nowhere near *knowing* the north. For the life of me, I could not understand why it was that a couple of hundred thousand people actually chose to spend their lives in all those terrible-sounding places, so, late in the summer of 1970, I went up there for a few days to find out.

I drifted north by train from North Bay. I'd get out here and there, grab a hotel room, look around, talk to a few old buzzards in a barbershop or beerhall, climb back aboard, and trundle north again. Finally, I was aboard the Ontario Northland Railway's strange, gaudy, friendly little train called the Polar Bear Express, and I was rolling on down the great flat, stubby forest that lies north of Cochrane, down the last 186 miles to James Bay, salt water, and the sliding ocean tides.

I am glad that I am no longer an entirely dumb southerner and I'll try here to pass on some of what I learned. A lot of it is about mining. This is not because the rollicking history of northern lumbering is unimportant, nor is it because I think the fantastic feats of the great fur traders are not worth hearing



Ontario Place. What goes on here!

Things to do, see and enjoy at Ontario Place. This special insert lists all activities confirmed up to press time. Use it as your guide to what's going on.



The Exhibition

Probably the largest and most sophisticated exhibition of its kind ever assembled outside a world's fair environment. Count on approximately one hour to make your way through the four-part Ontario story.



Welcome Wall. Everything there is to know about Ontario Place you'll find out here. Wall carries time and temperature information, television monitors that scan the complete site, a large animated Ontario Place map, an electroluminescent information board and other gadgetry. Hosts and hostesses are on duty to handle enquiries.

Genesis. Part one of the Ontario Place exhibition warms you up with a musical overture then lets you be present at the creation. Film, music and effects combine with dazzling new projection techniques in a mirrored chamber to trace the evolution of Ontario's landscape from the creation of the earth to the present time.

Explosions. Four walls come alive to telescope more than 300 years of Ontario's economic growth into 10 minutes. Exhibit utilizes 4 theatre-size, motion picture projectors, 96 slide projectors, sliding panels with historic artifacts behind and full stereophonic sound. Entire show is programmed through a computer.



Ontario Style. The province's social and political history from the early 1600's to the present time is depicted in what is probably the most unusual exhibit at Ontario Place. Visitors push through a series of hanging forms, positioned to create small clearings in which historical battles rage or other historical events take place.

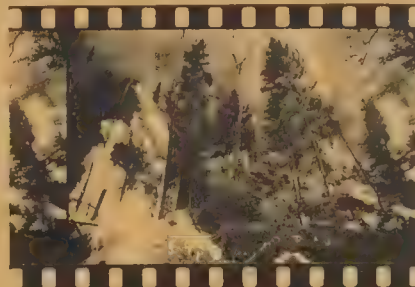
Challenges. The past and future come together in the final part of the Ontario Place exhibition. Eight separate display areas deal with challenges such as ecology, growth, culture and youth. More than 3,000 artifacts help demonstrate how Ontarians have successfully faced similar challenges in the past. A special feature in this exhibit is a collection of 231 short films made by Ontario school students. Films are viewed through special random-selection projectors. Exhibit concludes with a dramatic twin screen motion picture featuring more than 12,000 students from all parts of Ontario.



Cinesphere

Billed by American Cinematographer Magazine as the world's most advanced theatre. Cinesphere comes equipped with an overwhelming complement of highly sophisticated equipment. The dome-shaped cinema seats 800, has a hemispherically curved screen measuring 60 by 80 feet and full 24-channel stereophonic sound capability. Five main speakers are positioned behind the screen, with another 57 smaller units strategically positioned throughout the inner surface of the dome. Projection equipment ranges all the way from 16mm, through 35mm and 70mm, to IMAX, an Ontario developed film system that provides the largest, brightest picture image yet achieved. A group of specially commissioned films about Ontario and its people will be shown on an alternating basis.

North of Superior. Perhaps the most dramatic of the new films made for Cinesphere, North of Superior, shows the lifestyle of the people in Ontario's vast Northwest. Shot in IMAX, the film features a number of stunning sequences, one of which shows a raging forest fire that almost becomes frighteningly realistic on the 60-foot high screen. North of Superior was filmed by Graeme Ferguson of Multi-screen Corporation, the Ontario-based company responsible for development of the IMAX process.



Seasons in the Mind. Award winning film makers, Michael Milne and Peter Pearson have created an engrossing film about the nature of life in Eastern Ontario. Their film, produced in Pan-avision, introduces another major step in the use of multiple image devices.

Home by the Waters. A fascinating aerial tour of Ontario's waterways, this film was produced by John Lowry with the aid of the highly sophisticated Wescam camera stabilizer system. This unusual new camera mount allows film-makers to shoot from helicopters, trains, cars and the like without vibration of any kind. Home by the Waters features some of the clearest, most beautiful aerial footage ever seen on screen.

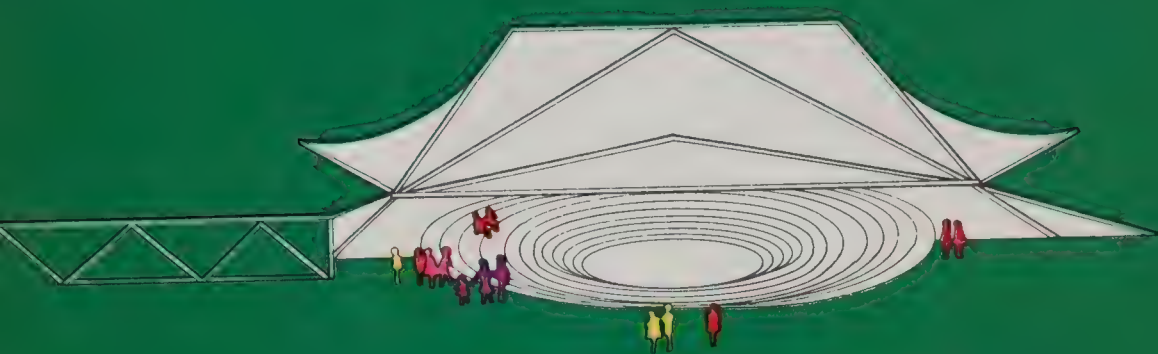
Where the North Begins. A film about the land beyond the Muskoka lakes produced and directed by David Mackay. A veteran film maker, Mackay was Executive Producer, and responsible for much of the ingenuity, on the production of Ontario's Expo 67 film, A Place to Stand.

Ontario. Christopher Chapman's film about Ontario, made for Expo '70 in Osaka, will receive its first North American showing in Cinesphere. Devoted to the many peoples who make up Ontario's culture, Chapman's film was highly acclaimed by Japanese visitors to the Ontario Pavilion in Osaka.

A Place to Stand. Ontario's Academy Award winning film from Expo '67, produced and directed by Christopher Chapman, will be viewed again in Cinesphere for those who love it and those who missed it.

ing out

ing out



The Forum – Outdoor amphitheatre in the classic Greek tradition. Under its vast protective canopy, the Forum hosts a wide range of performances, including symphony concerts, rock or folk festivals and ethnic celebrations on the 75 foot circular stage. Other Forum events include military band concerts, choral and ballet from all parts of Ontario.



Detach map and use as your guide to Ontario Place



Artificial edge & wall

Looking point

Looking point

Maritime & Restaurant

Marina place
Waterfront flowers, water-sports

Family area

Roller skating pool

Canal boat ride tunnel

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant

THE PRICK TRAINERS
Restaurant



Abundant Park

Exhibition Park

Public Parking

Lakeshore Boulevard

Pedestrian Bridge

Pedestrian bridge
Season pass photography equipment

Information booth (Season Pass Sales)

Bus and reserved parking

Bus and reserved parking

Bus and reserved parking

Bus and reserved parking

Marina

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Washroom

Marina

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

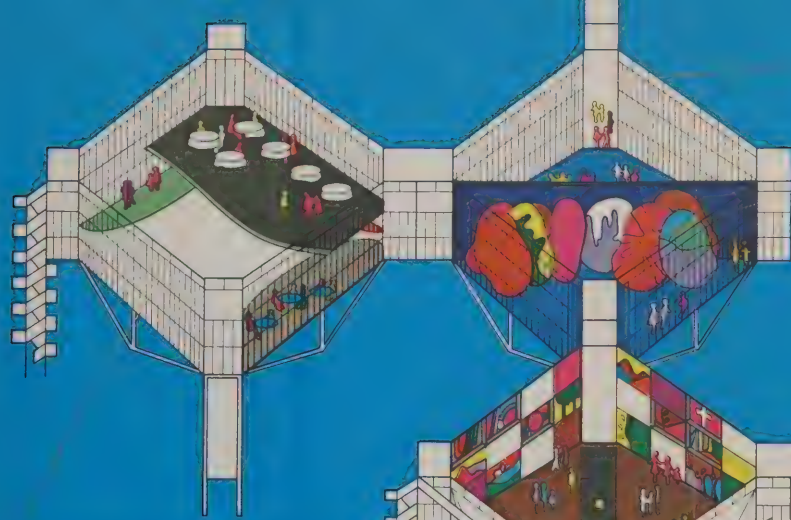
Marina overspill area

Caution

Marina overspill area

Caution

Ontario
Place



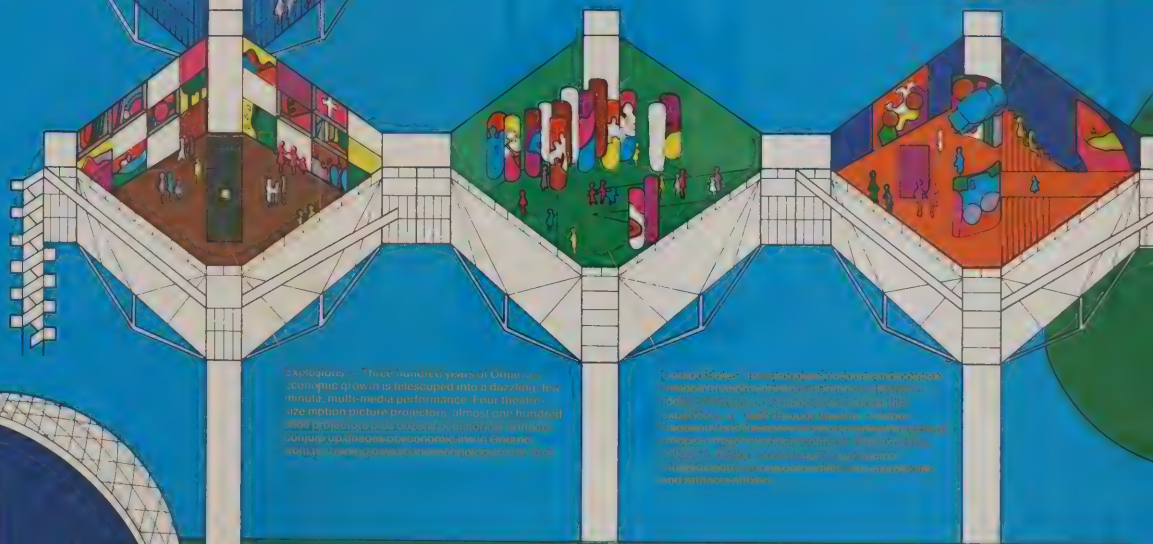
Refreshments and lounge — The place to dine or just relax. Features indoor lounge seating, restaurants and a comfortable lounge, with providing a dramatic view through walls of glass. Banquet and meeting facilities for more than two hundred people are available on the second level. Top-of-the-line sightseeing can be enjoyed on the observation pool deck.

Cinesphere — The unique mobile, 100-ton Ontario Place Theatre is considered to be the most advanced in the world. It features a giant 40 ft. screen, 12 optical effects, stereo sound capability and a unique auditorium for 500 people. Premium commissioned Cinesphere murals are on view continuously from 9 a.m. —

The Welcome Wall — Entry area to Ontario Place includes restaurants and lounges. The Welcome Wall, a dramatic freestanding structure in stainless steel, provides information about the total Ontario Place site, daily activities, time, temperature and crowd conditions. Trained hosts and hostesses are also on hand to assist you. Be sure to see the giant electroluminescent mosaic information screen — the largest in the world anywhere.

Artists — The beginning and end of Ontario Place is a great place to stop through the Ontario Place sculpture. Sculpture, from professional artists and local artists, is displayed in a series of outdoor galleries. The Ontario Place sculpture is a series of outdoor galleries. The Ontario Place sculpture is a series of outdoor galleries. The Ontario Place sculpture is a series of outdoor galleries.

Children's — The Children's area is a great place to stop through the Ontario Place sculpture. Sculpture, from professional artists and local artists, is displayed in a series of outdoor galleries. The Ontario Place sculpture is a series of outdoor galleries. The Ontario Place sculpture is a series of outdoor galleries.



Exhibition — Three hundred years of Ontario's development is telescoped into a dazzling, low-budget, multi-media performance. Four feature film motion picture projections, along with hundreds of other films, are shown in a series of outdoor galleries. The Ontario Place sculpture is a series of outdoor galleries. The Ontario Place sculpture is a series of outdoor galleries.

Ontario Place — The Ontario Place pavilion is a great place to stop through the Ontario Place sculpture. Sculpture, from professional artists and local artists, is displayed in a series of outdoor galleries. The Ontario Place sculpture is a series of outdoor galleries. The Ontario Place sculpture is a series of outdoor galleries.



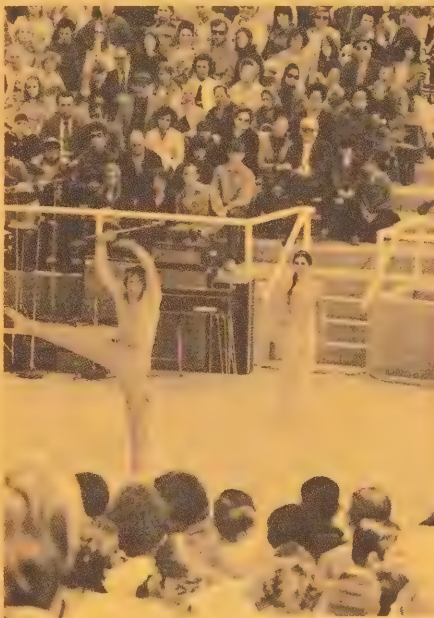
The Forum

The Ontario Place Forum outdoor amphitheatre features live entertainment daily for audiences of up to 8,000. Rain or shine, the show can go on virtually anytime thanks to the Forum's giant canopy that protects the performers and a seating area of 2,000. Dates and times of Forum performances are posted at Ontario Place, and many special events are listed in the entertainment pages of your newspaper.

Classics. Symphony concerts are scheduled practically every Tuesday and Thursday night at 8:30 in the Forum, but the sound of the classics can be heard on other nights too. Among the orchestras scheduled to perform this summer are the Toronto Symphony, the Sarnia Philharmonic, the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony and the London Symphony Orchestra. Top flight conductors will also make guest appearances throughout the season.



Ballet. Canada's famous National Ballet Company will appear in the Forum in a series of performances featuring excerpts from some of the world's best loved ballets and native Canadian works. Most ballet perfor-



mances take place in the Forum on Wednesday nights, but watch your local newspaper for additional ballet performances.

Jazz. The Forum has rapidly become a home for some of Canada's finest jazz performers. Most Saturday nights this summer, the Forum features live jazz at 8:30 p.m. You'll see great groups like Nimmons 'n' Nine plus six, the Pat Riccio orchestra and others.

Rock. Rock groups and fans alike have acclaimed the Forum's superb acoustics, and throughout the summer the Forum's sound system will get a complete work out. The best of Ontario's rock and folk groups will be a regular attraction this summer and fall at the Forum.



School Groups. Weekday afternoons at the Forum are filled with the sounds of Ontario's young talent as school groups from throughout the province put their hearts into their performances. Entertainment varies from bands to choral groups, ensembles to full orchestras plus solo performers in the spotlight too. Afternoon entertainment begins at 12 and carries on throughout the day, so whenever you drop by there should be something to enjoy.

Ethnic Groups. On Sundays and other evenings, the colourful culture of Ontario's ethnic communities is presented at the Forum in song, dance and pageant. Some of the world's most skilled performers make these events well worth attending.

Country. The sounds of the best in Ontario country and western music will ring out from the Forum all summer. If country music is your thing, you'll find concerts going on almost every Friday night featuring many of the province's most outstanding performers.

New Talent. Monday nights may turn out to be the nicest surprise at Ontario Place. Most Monday nights mean new talent time in the Forum. Sought out in one of the greatest talent hunts ever to sweep the province, outstanding new performers of every description will appear at the Forum to prove that Ontario is a great place to start.

All performances at the Forum subject to change without notice.

Restaurants and Refreshments

Edelweiss. West Island. Bavarian beer garden and restaurant featuring wholesome European foods, foaming beverages and nightly entertainment. For a special treat, nurse a snack and a drink in the outdoor beer garden and watch the people go by.

Malloney's 2. West Island. Dancing and cocktails. A new summer home for the advertising crowd. A pleasant place for afternoon escapes, but the action starts after dark.

Points East. West Island. Oriental food that scores high points for quality. Charming decor, moderate prices and pleasant service.

Points East Snack Bar. East Island. The same high quality stands up for those who don't have time to sit down.

Dill 'n' Dell. West Island. Delicatessen goodies for those who build hearty appetites walking around Ontario Place.

Le Cafe. East Island. Cozy, intimate, European-style cafe featuring light meals and a variety of beverages. A charming spot for a quiet chat, located near the inland waterway.

The Mariner. Marina area. Seafood is the specialty here. But you can relax over almost any kind of food and watch the leisurely pace of life in the Ontario Place Marina.

Sailor's Pub. Marina area. Watering hole for sunburned sailors or strollers. Lounge has a nautical motif inside. A good place to relax and watch the boats go by.



The Galley. Marina area. Snack bar offering sandwiches and refreshments to go for marina visitors.

Kelly's Keg 'n' Jester. East Island. An over 'ome atmosphere with good food, good drinks and convivial company. Overlooks Ontario Place Marina and features nightly entertainment.

The Hub. East Island. English style snack bar almost puts you back on Brighton Pier. Take out food features exceptional quality at moderate prices.

Laura Secord. West Island. The historic lady has settled in at Ontario Place to dispense refreshments, candy and ice cream.

Quayside. Marina area. A snack bar overlooking the marina for those who prefer to eat in the open air.

Dairy-Go-Round. East Island. What would Ontario Place be without soft ice-cream? There's lots of the rich, creamy stuff here for kids of any age.

Snax. West Island. Snack bar overlooking the reflecting pool for those with a little time to reflect on things.

Gino's Pizza Bar. West Island. Italian snacks and super pizza. Fast service and high quality is Gino's specialty.

The Place Restaurants. A variety of cuisine in 3 different dining rooms in



Pod 2 of the Ontario Place pavilion. Complex also features a lounge and buffet/banquet facilities. Each room offers a sweeping view of Ontario Place. Reservations are advised. Call 365-5200.

Tours

Ontario Place extends a discount from the normal admission rates of \$1 for adults, 50¢ for students and 25¢ for children (7-12), to tour groups of ten people or more. We strongly recommend an organized tour of Ontario Place as an exciting outing for your business, social, community, church, or school organization.

Admission price includes entry to grounds, exhibit pavilion, Cinesphere, Forum, beaches, parklands, etc. Ample bus parking space and multilingual hosts and hostesses will be assigned to all confirmed tour groups.

A commercial tour may be arranged by applying in writing to Ontario Place Tours, c/o 950 Yonge Street, Toronto 285, Ontario. A commercial tour application form will be forwarded along with additional tour information.



Facilities

In addition to the exhibition, Cinesphere and the Forum, Ontario Place offers many additional facilities for your enjoyment.

The Marina. Among the largest on the Great Lakes. Berths for 300 boats, complete pump-out facilities and a highly trained marina staff to assist you.

H.M.C.S. Haida. Retired RCN destroyer is open to the public during exhibition hours. The Haida is staffed with Sea Cadets to assist you during your tour.

Beaches. Ontario Place includes almost half a mile of newly created beaches. There are beaches to enjoy on both the East and West Islands.

Boat tours. You can explore Ontario Place by water as well as land. Tour boats, manned by thoroughly trained Ontario Place staff members, regularly ply the canals and lagoons of the entire complex.

Boat rentals. For do-it-yourself sailors, small paddle boats may be rented at a nominal charge.

Picnics. Almost 3½ acres of Ontario Place parkland has been set aside for family picnics. Bring a hamper, a hungry family and enjoy yourself.

Children's Play Area. Facilities for the young fry are being installed on the East Island, to be ready for the summer season.

Handicapped. Every effort has been made to make Ontario Place just as enjoyable for the handicapped as anyone else. If additional assistance is required, enquire at the main entrance plaza.

Language. Ontario Place staff members are fluent in many languages. If you have need for an interpreter on site, please enquire at the main entrance plaza.

Banquets. Buffet and banquet facilities for groups of up to 250 are available in pod 2 of the Ontario Place pavilion. For additional information call 365-7731.

about. It is only because, in one trip, you cannot possibly hit every base; and, to me, the spirit of mining happened to be exactly in tune with the modern spirit of the north. Most of what follows is about fathomless hope, the immortal joys of gambling, and the unexpected.

The unexpected. I am not the first southerner who has had his hoary but untried images of Northern Ontario shattered by fact and experience. As far back as 1894, one C. C. Farr, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company wrote a lavishly affectionate description of the country around Lake Temiscamingue, which lies "in the very centre of the best wheat-producing belt in the world," and he observed that: "Every new settlement in Canada has been abused and condemned in its time by the older settlements immediately south of it. . . 'Too cold', they have said, 'and too far north, nothing will grow there', and when it has been proved the contrary, history again repeats itself, and the new settlement becoming old, prophecies evil of its younger neighbour still further north . . . so it will be forever, until we reach the Arctic regions."

Farr's report helped to inspire the Ontario Government to run what is now part of the Ontario Northland Railway up from North Bay to the good farmland that lay around the upper end of the lake, and which later turned out to be related to a swath of arable land that slashed its way through the northland's primordial rock for no

less than 19 million fertile acres. The Great Northern Clay Belt. I had a pretty strong preconception, a cliché vision of the barrenlands of Northern Ontario, but the clay belt was more like Prince Edward Island! Full of fat docile cattle, silky horses, smooth grassland, and barns shining in the warm afternoon sunlight.

It was unexpected. But, then, so were the delphiniums, columbine, carnations and marigolds that grew in the little gardens of Moosonee and Moose Factory. Gad, that's practically igloo country up there! The gateway to the land of the polar bear, and all that. By rail, it's almost 700 miles north of Toronto —about as far away in the cold direction as South Carolina is in the hot direction—but, nevertheless, the pink and scarlet blossoms bravely streamed in the cruel winds off James Bay. One guy even had a rock garden with a tiny waterfall.

The unexpected. In some ways, Moosonee is merely a sister shacktown to Moose Factory. The weather and the face of the countryside are equally savage. It's the head of steel for the Ontario Northland Railway; rendezvous for bush pilots, Indian guides, priests, police, the military, men from "The Bay", goose hunters, and quite a few unarmed tourists. If you wanted to be nasty about it, you could say that Moosonee was a poor, drab, litter-infested, fly-bitten excuse for an ocean port. And yet, it boasts a sparkling, orange brick Education Centre, a place that



would put downtown Toronto to shame; and, year round, the complex buzzes with activity morning, noon, and night. At "The Bay's" record bar, you can buy everything from the latest Johnny Cash to Blood, Sweat and Tears, to Lawrence Welk, to the Waikikis and, over in the grocery department, there are smoked oysters, citrus from the south, and Noodles Romanoff. In the lobby of the Moosonee Lodge there's a current edition of Organic Gardening ("The Green Revolution Can Change the World") and, around the corner, there's a place called Poolarama Billiards, and the Yangtze Restaurant.

The unexpected. There's a good weekly newspaper in Moosonee and, appropriately, it is called Moosetalk. In Moosetalk, I learned about a rugged Cree named Edward Butterfly "Who, for about 30 years, continued trapping although he wore kitchen forks strapped to his arms in place of his hands, which were blown off accidentally when his shotgun misfired."

The unexpected. Southerners are inclined to think of the north as a place of no great intellectual fertility, but right out on a cold breezy stretch of highway and under the great northern lights that move the sky about 300 miles out of Toronto, there's an amazing bookstore called the Highway Bookshop. It's open seven days a week, until ten at night, and its stock includes more than a *hundred thousand* new and used books.

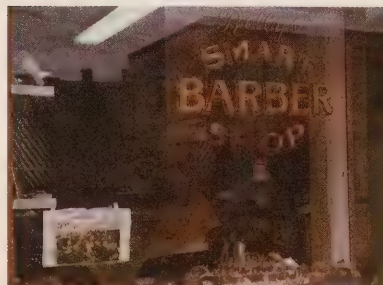
The unexpected. The houses in

the Abitibi town of Iroquois Falls are almost all coated in bright stucco. Where do these people think they are? In Florida, or Spain, or somewhere?

There's a silvery headframe of a mine shaft right opposite the town square in Cobalt and, built around its base, there's a shop. The mine has been dead for decades and the shop, which used to sell groceries—the butcher hung his meat in the shaft to keep it cool—now peddles female beauty. It's Eddy's Wig Boutique—"Whirley Wigs on Sale. \$24.95. Wash 'n Wear."

The unexpected. The Cobalt Mining Museum has an extraordinary collection of mineral-bearing rocks, photographs of ferociously grubby and long-dead prospectors and miners, dusty pots and pans, rusty shovels, hard hats that look like the shells of dead turtles, a box for thawing out frozen sticks of dynamite, and a lot of other crumbling and predictable evidence of the hard, smelly, gritty and relentlessly crude life that the first people of the town must have led. But what's this? A cocktail shaker? A beautiful cocktail shaker. The glass is an impossibly pale green, full of its own graceful light, and the lid gleams in the soft way of really fine old silver. The shaker is a supremely elegant 62-year-old relic of a joint called The Cobalt Mess where, for all I know, men got together and really did sing the famous Cobalt Song:

"Oh, you Cobalt, where the big gin rickies flow



Where all the Silver comes from
And you live a life and then some
Oh, you Cobalt, you're the best
old town I know."

The unexpected. Monteith is not much more than a railroad station and a couple of stores, but the facades of the stores are straight out of some bad old time in the far West. There must once have been gunslingers in Monteith or, at the very least, bootleggers. S. A. Pain, an old mining man himself, has recalled that, up around Swastika and Kirkland Lake, bricks of solid gold used to get far less care than did hard liquor. The bricks, bound for the Mint at Ottawa, weighed 90 pounds each and, since no one could hope to escape the north country with so heavy a chunk of loot, they'd just lie out there, glistening on the station platform, until the southbound train came by. Liquor was treated with more respect.

The country was a bootlegger's paradise and, as Mr. Pain remembers things, "Bottles had been known to arrive embedded in barrels of pitch, and they came in bags which were slung under the railroad cars, while a carload of grain was ideal for shockproof transportation."

The unexpected. It was thirty years ago, Hitler was tearing across Europe and, surely, no town in Canada could bear to keep on calling itself "Swastika". Surely, it would change its name to something less hateful (such as Arbutus Junction), or more patriotic (such as Winston). But no, northerners

are made of pretty stern stuff. The sign of the Swastika appeared on the matchboxes sold by the Swastika Drug Company, and the boxes declared, "Hitler be damned. This is our sign since 1922". The town of Swastika, Ontario, is still the town of Swastika, Ontario.

The unexpected discovery, however, is not just an intriguing part of travel, or merely a pleasant bonus in some southerner's casual education on the ways of the north. It is also the key to its history; the meaning behind all its legends; and, in this century anyway, it has been the big lure, the very root of men's first impulse to go there and then to settle there!

Back in 1903, Fred LaRose, a humble blacksmith, was working at his forge in the bushland, and a nosy fox kept irritating him. LaRose threw his hammer at the fox but he missed, and the hammer chipped some rock to expose a glittering vein of silver. News of the rock inspired the provincial geologist, W. G. Miller, to come up to look around, and he found "pieces of native silver as big as stove lids or cannon balls lying on the ground."

LaRose is one of the more famous characters in the mythology of the New Ontario but the great Cobalt Silver Strike inspired literally thousands of prospectors and mining men to try their luck in this awesomely rugged territory and, in a very short time, the beautiful surprises, the stunning and ecstatic moments of discovery began to hit the men in the bush again and again.



There were new Fred LaRoses. Three unskilled prospectors discovered an amazing showing of gold near Kirkland Lake but they did not know what they had, so they took a bagful to a man who knew his porphyry from a hole in the ground, and he said, "Why that's gold, you idiots", and one of them said, "Well, we've got a wagonload of the stuff".

Then there was Harry Preston. He slipped on a rocky knoll, up near Porcupine Lake, and his boot-heel stripped the moss from a vein of quartz that was flecked with gold. He followed the vein to a kind of mound or dome of quartz, and the dome was studded with bright gold. The discovery was so rich that, sixty years later, the Dome Mine was operating 5,000 feet below the surface.

About the same time, a barber from Haileybury, Benny Hollinger, was messing around at nearby Pearl Lake with another part-time prospector, Alex Gillies. This is the way Gillies remembered the most fantastic event of their lives: "I was cutting a discovery post, and Benny was pulling the moss off the rocks a few feet away, when suddenly he let a roar out of him and threw his hat to me. At first I thought he was crazy... The quartz where he had taken off the moss looked as though someone had dripped a candle along it, but instead of wax it was gold. The quartz stood up about three feet out of the ground and was about six feet wide, with gold spattered over it for about 60 feet along the

vein..."

There are dozens of these stories, and at least as many more that tell sadder tales. A prospector stumbles upon a gleaming mound in the dark green forest. Deliriously happy, he stakes it and, still battling the man-eating flies from his ears, he rushes into town to file his claim. Then, for one ghastly reason or another, he cannot find his way back to the gold and, as the years go by, he becomes more and more gaunt and crazed and miserable. He disappears. He leaves the country. He dies in a forest fire. Whatever his fate, the last anyone hears of him he's still babbling about his lost El Dorado. But remember, the gleaming mound is still out there somewhere, just waiting for a luckier or smarter prospector, awaiting a new Benny Hollinger, and the man might just turn out to be you.

The stories of both the discoveries and the lost discoveries are stories about hope, about unceasing optimism, about the main chance, about committing a lot of yourself to an uncertain bet, about the better day coming. About a way of looking at life. They are part of an attitude that has not only inspired men to gamble on a lonely plunge into one of the world's least comfortable areas of wilderness but also inspired entire towns—communities that, by all odds, should have become ghost towns—to hang on, to insist on survival because, any day now, there'll be some fresh discovery and the place will move and feel the way it did for so many better years. And the sweet thing

MOOSONEE



is that, in many cases, the fresh discoveries really have occurred, and the towns have bitten into the brighter future with all the vigour of those whose faith has been confirmed by events.

In Ontario, your true northerner *knows* that the industrial heart of the province, the centre of population for the whole country, and the balance of power and cultural influence, are all sliding north to a great new-world empire, they are all sliding his way. After all, they've got the rock up there, haven't they? And, even though something close to a billion dollars worth of minerals comes out of the rock every year now, they've still barely begun to tap it.

"None of the mines," the old man told me, "have ever found *the* mother lode." He was very mysterious about it. "Now where it is, I do not know." His name was James P. Bartleman, and we were seated among caged birds in the big open lounge of an old folks home in Timmins. Earlier that morning I had stopped at Rolly the Barber's — because Rolly's window was full of gleaming ore-bearing rock samples and stuffed animals. Rolly, it turned out, also had five tons of rock samples at his home. Anyway, the man in the chair at Rolly's place was an ex-lumberman who'd come up to Northern Ontario almost half a century earlier, and he told me that if I wanted to learn about Timmins I should talk to Jimmy Bartleman because Jimmy was *really* old. Bartleman was 92; my informant was a mere 84.

Bartleman had come to Northern Ontario via New Zealand, the United Kingdom, Scotland and Montreal, and he'd got in here by boat and sleigh before there was any Timmins at all and, later, he was mayor of the town. And now, all in one sentence, he told me that he would not want to live anywhere else; there was no other place in the world where, in one lifetime, a man could see a path in the woods grow up the way Timmins had grown up; that, when he arrived here, he used to walk eight miles every morning to get his breakfast; that he'd recently survived sclerosis of the liver and a heart stroke; that he was just now learning to walk again; although "there's always a danger of going west," he believed now that "life begins at ninety"; that he loved to gamble; and, finally, that he knew the cook at a mining camp, and this man had told him that that camp was onto something even bigger than the fabulous Texas Gulf strike of 1964. "Now I don't believe that," the old man said, "But I don't disbelieve it either. . . Be ambitious. Never be a pessimist".

Bartleman is a northerner. He knows there are unexpected things in the rock, and he knows that whatever the unexpected may turn out to be, it will almost certainly be something good. That is what prospecting has always been all about and, up there, it's also what living is all about. It gives the country a certain zest and it is one reason why I, a man from the muggy south, intend to see it again.





EACH PRECIOUS DROP.

*The story of the
Ontario Water Resources Commission
By Thelma Dickman. Photograph Bert Bell.*

Water — trickling, flowing, bubbling, sparkling, dancing, icy cold and above all, clean — is one of Ontario's most important natural resources, and perhaps the one most taken for granted.

By the public, that is.

The Ontario Water Resources Commission (OWRC) knows better. It should, because this scrappy little Crown corporation was fighting the battle for good water back when all conservationists were thought to be a bunch of wild-eyed radicals.

And all because of a man named Frost.

It was at a small birthday party for his wife in Toronto that Ike Eisenhower got to chatting with then-Premier Leslie Frost. "We'd been so informal that we all sang Happy Birthday to Mamie, even Governor General Vincent Massey," recalled Frost. "We were sitting around after dinner and Ike suddenly said, 'Mr. Frost, you people here have a great country with great possibilities, so don't let them ruin your water. We've ruined ours already, and really pure water is one of a country's greatest assets. But when you've got a lot of it you don't think about it'."

But Frost had been thinking about it and in 1956 legislation was passed creating the Ontario Water Resources Commission (OWRC).

As far as water control was concerned, Ontario's pre-war years had passed in a dormant state, what with the depression during the thirties leaving a yawning void in government treasuries and the war years having other priorities.

But the post-war years saw one of this country's most astonishing growths — the province of Ontario — with tremendous expansions in services, facilities, industries and population.

Now, about that pollution — since World War II our personal water consumption has doubled to the point where the average person uses over 60 gallons of water per day. All of it, in one form or another, finds its way back into the sanitary sewers and drains underground.

The OWRC exists for two reasons — to see that every person in Ontario can get water, and to make sure that the water he gets is safe to use.

At the beginning of its life, the first reason was the most urgent.

The industrial and population boom was spread over the entire province, and brought unprecedented demands for more water. Southwestern Ontario was as dry as a sand box and ground water supplies were running desperately low. Villages and rural areas depended on local water that wasn't fit to use. Streams were badly polluted.

The water tables had lowered five feet in eight years. Drilling deeper wells was no answer because the further down they were drilled, the higher became the quantities of sulphur, salt and iron in the water. Inland streams and lakes struggled to support higher populations. In the spring, flood waters drained away quickly and in the summer the flows of rivers were often reduced to trickles. What current there was in the rivers or lakes was used to carry away community wastes, with a subsequent increase in algae growth and a slowing down of the necessary water current. When Nature is upset, she can get very stubborn about meeting man halfway — and will usually have the last word in any argument.

The OWRC did its job well. Today there are few areas in the whole province that dump

untreated sewage into a water course, and all are under contract for treatment systems.

And today its 14-story administrative building in Toronto and laboratory facilities in suburban Islington house some 1200 employees, including biologists, engineers, chemists and lawyers.

An endless number of reports are prepared by OWRC people, who are on the spot at small streams and lakes, sewage works, the Great Lakes, industrial plants, farms, and rivers. Half a million water samples are tested a year. Financial plans are worked out for municipalities who, otherwise, can't get money to build waste treatment facilities; licencing of all provincial waterwell contractors is handled by OWRC; recreational lake pollution is policed from a variety of boats ranging from canoes to launches.

Certainly one of OWRC's most important, and sometimes most frustrating jobs, is industrial pollution control.

"When I went to work for the commission about six years ago," says one engineer, "the industrial waste division only had eight people in it, and often when we told an industrialist to clean up his manufacturing methods, we'd either have the door slammed in our faces, or else he'd nod and laugh a lot, and that would be that."

Although the OWRC always had tough legislation on the books, the teeth in the laws turned out to be broken stumps, largely for want of public support. George Kerr, made Minister of Energy and Resources Management in 1969, put the bite back into the laws and, with a concerned population giving him a mandate, he gave the OWRC its head to go after even the giants of industry in the province.

"We're not out simply to prosecute industry", said one man, "we're here to help industries be more efficient, to use natural resources more wisely. But some of these companies are just not co-operating to our satisfaction. One way to handle them is to lay charges. They really seem to hate re-cycling and re-use of natural resources. Their whole approach seems to rely on pulling some raw resource out of the ground, raping the environment, and then throwing away any remainder."

"We're using our teeth now, getting to the bigger industries with fines and particularly with bad publicity. Any industry that sells directly to the consumer is much more aware of the stigma of being prosecuted in the courts. People are more inclined today to take their business to another supplier if one is named as a polluter. We still spend endless hours explaining to management why it must institute pollution controls. But it's getting a little easier for us now, because the crux of the matter is a concerned population. And, when people are

the authority to crack down on the manufacturers and industries that threaten us all."

Conservation and re-use of water is happening in Ontario as it is in no other province in Canada or state in the U.S., thanks to OWRC.

A plating company in Stratford utilizes ion exchange to remove metal and other ions from water so it can be re-used in rinsing baths; a large fertilizer plant, in the Port Maitland area, is re-using water from a gypsum pond which should result in savings in chemicals; the Ontario Paper Company produces vanillin and alcohol from spent sulphite liquor.

And so it goes.

It is no secret that some companies, instead of using in-plant controls, are trying to employ delaying tactics against the time their municipalities install treatment plants capable of handling waste, but the OWRC is on to most of those tricks, and can usually catch them up.

Industrial pollution control sometimes involves a process of horse trading, particularly with long-established businesses. Where large capital investment is concerned, or complicated pollution control installations are required, it is hard to expect overnight change. It is more realistic to expect change as fast as we can get it, instead of as we want it.

In many northern Ontario communities the company is the economic heart — it can be a "company town's" only reason for existence. Companies can supply lists of reasons why pollution control work must be slowed down, or not even begun. The reasons are mostly economic and the implication clear — the community depends on a healthy industry, and costs of pollution control are such that industry will soon become unhealthy.

While it may be true in a few cases, the OWRC doesn't buy that kind of logic.

The people who live in Ontario, who drink its water, wash in its water, fish in its water and boat on its water, are the props needed to help the pollution program. The OWRC has been fighting our fight since 1956 and, because of this, Ontario is far and away the most advanced province in North America in water pollution control. But they still need the individual's weight behind them.

What can you do to help?

Write to your M.P.P., and tell him your concern about water pollution (use examples if you have them). Tell him when he's fighting to control pollution you're on his side. Be aware of your own company's actions as far as pollution is concerned. If it is polluting, exert your influence whenever possible. Don't dump boat wastes over-board. Use soap and washing soda at home, at the summer

cottage or the ski chalet — the combination does the job just as well, and sometimes more cheaply. Consider joining a local anti-pollution group. One simple act of conversation multiplied by millions can make a greater environment out of Ontario, already a good one to be in, to be in.

After all, there's not much point in having a place to stand if you can't get a drink of water when you're standing there.

The results of pollution control work done by the OWRC can be felt every day all over Ontario. Here are three examples.

Example 1 Corby Distillery Limited, near Belleville.

Waste from Corby's operation was causing serious pollution to the Moira River. When they became aware of the OWRC's concern, the company hired a consulting engineering firm to study the waste disposal operations and find a satisfactory solution.

During the experimental stages, the engineers maintained a continuous dialogue with the OWRC to get technical advice and help in interpreting some of the data.

At first, tests were made in a laboratory. Then the experiments moved from the lab to a pilot plant where the laboratory findings were studied and, more important, substantiated. This work gave the consultants the information they needed to design a waste treatment system tailored to the company's needs.

The plant was put on stream in 1969, and today, the people of Corbyville are happily hauling fish out of the clean waters of the Moira River.

Example 2 H.J. Heinz Company of Canada Limited, Leamington.

During the peak of the canning season, Heinz uses about 6 million gallons of water a day.

Clean and uncontaminated cooling waters are segregated and discharged into Lake Erie. But about 3 million gallons of industrial process wastes are screened and poured out as well.

Although screens can remove coarse solids, the filtered waste water still has a high concentration of dissolved material which is a heavy pollutant. A survey in August of 1967 revealed the highest waste loading discharge from a cannery in Ontario.

After meetings with the OWRC the company began intensive studies to identify all the sources of contaminated wastes and to determine their point of discharge.

The volume and strength of the wastes were immediately reduced by better housekeeping and tighter measures. Old sewers were re-routed. This separated dirty water from clean, so the clean could be discharged directly without causing pollution.

Some processes were changed to eliminate the use of water altogether. Solids were trapped and collected so they wouldn't go into the sewers.

But the final treatment of waste was to be based on the findings of the studies done in the plant on the effectiveness of the in-plant controls.

In June of 1970, a complete proposal was submitted to the OWRC asking approval for the construction of a new treatment system to be completed in June of 1971, prior to the tomato canning season. This system will eliminate the pollution load in up to 3 million gallons of water a day.

Example 3 is a case of preventing pollution before it starts.

The Ontario-Minnesota Pulp and Paper Company is planning to expand its mill in Fort Frances. The new mill (employing about 90 men) will be able to produce some 500 tons of Kraft paper a day.

They, and the OWRC, are keenly interested in making sure the new operation does not contribute to pollution in the Rainy River. So the OWRC set up a set of waste treatment guidelines for the company.

The new waste treatment plant, which will be completed about November 1971, is to be built as a result of studies made at other pulp mills in Canada and the U.S., and will be in effect before the new mill begins operations. It will treat an astounding 14 million gallons of water a day — equal to the amount used by the homes in a town the size of Windsor — making the water free of toxicity and other factors which pollute.



Ernie Connel decided to do it and did it. He went back to school. Now he's a student at a community college where he is learning to be a pastry chef. More

about Ernie on page 44.

ONTARIO DECIDED TO DO IT — THEN DID IT.

By Bill Straiton. Photograph by Gordon Marci.

Well, here we are into the second year of the decade. Things have really changed from the last decade and the one before that.

I like change. I find it curious, stimulating, sometimes frightening, always interesting. By change I don't mean the superficial kind like long hair on men or pant suits on women, although these are titillating. I mean fundamental change—the kind that is felt for lifetimes. Sometimes change of enormous proportion occurs so gradually that we don't even recognize it as change.

Take the change in education.

Education will always have its detractors—those who say kids have too many things handed to them, or too many frills, or they're not taught to think (that's what my grandfather used to say back in '39 in his broad Scottish accent. "Bill", he'd say, "kids aren't taught to think nowadays").

But education is one constant experiment. It's always under revision, always under scrutiny—and often under much more critical scrutiny by those that are in it than by those outside.

It has to be this way because our society is changing. When I went to school up in northern Ontario life was simple. You went to elementary school, then to high school. If you decided to quit before 4th or 5th form you got a job. If you decided to go on you went to Teacher's College, or university, or into nursing, or something and *then* you got a job.

People would say to me "Bill, what are you going to be when you grow up?" and I would answer with whatever my current choice was. Mark you, then a choice was necessary. You were required by convention to pick a vocation and stick to it.

Happily, that is not the case today.

Why, today there are some men who slip from job to different job as easily as we slip on our top coats. A man can move from teaching to engineering, to personnel work, to selling and back to education. A person can do it, and more important, can benefit from it as much as those he works for benefit by it. And all because of education.

I call that a great Ontario achievement.

The fact that there is a change is interesting but to find out what caused the change is even *more* interesting.

Writers are, in a way, lucky people. They get to poke around into all sorts of attics, closets and cellars. People will tell a writer something they wouldn't breathe to their wives or mothers. So it was easy to get people to comment on the change in education and the reasons behind it.

When I went to school, as I recall, classes were large (we had more than 40 kids in our 1st form class) and we stayed nearly all the time in one room. We left only for shop, P.T. and science. The library was closet sized and the teaching aids were a piece of chalk and a pointer.

But today, wow!

Now's the time to be going to school.

Classrooms are disappearing. The choice of subjects is broad and more interesting. There's change everywhere.

Back in 1948 there were only 20 electrical appliances. Now there are over 200. Computers hadn't been invented yet. TV was not developed. Tuberculosis could be a near-fatal disease.

The rate of change is enormous. As proof, turn to page 810 in your 1960 Webster's Dictionary and find the word "spaceship". You will see it called an *imaginary* vehicle, and only 11 years ago.

While I am at the head of the list of those who argue that our press is a vital link in our chain of freedoms, I wonder if, with so great a need to interest the various publics, the press does not highlight the unusual and the extravagant. Good news, it seems, is often no news.

That's why I think much of the ordinary, much of the usual, much of the steady, quiet change which has taken place in our education program (like the fact that today a child of ten can handle mathematics which our fathers didn't get until 3rd form high school) goes by without any headlines to point it out.

Like the low cost of school build-

ings. Amazingly enough, relative to the cost of other types of larger buildings, schools are respectably low in cost. That is an achievement in itself in this day and age.

In digging around for square foot costs I got some reliable figures supplied by Carleton University in Ottawa. Among other things, these figures compared the square foot costs of schools with the square foot costs of other buildings.

Generally speaking, a public school ready for use—that's the building itself—costs in the vicinity of \$17.50 a square foot. A high school costs about \$21.00 a square foot. Compared to a ten-storey office building built for speculative renting, schools are lower in cost by about \$5.00 a square foot. Prestige office buildings—those that are built for specific use—run around \$32.00 a square foot. Swimming pools, parking lots, auditoriums are the responsibility of the school boards and do not come out of Provincial school grants.

But the cost of school buildings, while being important, can not be truly judged against any yardstick except by the quality and type of education young people get in them. Here too we are lucky.

Figures, as dull as they may be, tell the story by showing that the percentage of students starting high school is away up, and the percentage of students completing high school is up too.

About 26% of our population is in school. But that's not quite as interesting a statistic (unless you sell school supplies) as the fact that back in 1950 only 41% of kids 15 to 19 started high school. Today about 80% go to high school. That kind of achievement is not only astonishing, but gratifying, because it indicates that secondary schools are better meeting our changing needs.

The growing importance of education in our minds is also clearly shown by the number of kids completing school. Back in 1965, 46% of the pupils completed high school with either Junior or Senior Matriculation. But in 1969, 55.6% graduated.

Why? Well, partly because the 43

system is constantly improving, but also because there are more avenues for different and better training.

As one person put it, "more people are sold on education".

What's more, they are not leaving after graduation simply to get jobs. An increasing number are leaving for more training, not only at universities, but at community colleges.

These remarkable educational conglomerates didn't even exist until five years ago.

There are 20 colleges of applied art and technology in Ontario now—with campuses in 100 localities—and they fill a great need. As with anything new, they've had their growing pains but there is little doubt that their addition to the education system will prove to be one of the most significant achievements of the time.

There is no other system like it anywhere in the world and its invention and structure are being studied (and without much wonder, copied) by other provinces and nations.

One person I talked to about the community college idea said "They have colleges in other parts of the world, sometimes called community colleges, sometimes called junior colleges, but they are all transfer oriented. They are designed to train students to go on to other and higher forms of education".

But what about the guy or girl who is not inclined to higher forms of education—but who is inclined to *different* forms of education? What about the student who has a yen to exploit his manual dexterity or his electrical or mechanical inventiveness?

The development of computers, delicate heart transplants, esoteric advances in chemistry or electronics have dominated our news media over the past years to such an extent that that type of achievement seemed like the only achievement worthwhile to man.

Why, I've asked people their occupations, only to get "I'm *just* a carpenter" or "I'm *only* a welder".

Manual work was stigmatized. Pride of output, the lifeblood of workmanship, was disappearing.

Now, I'm not going to suggest that community colleges were invented to put honour and dignity back into manual achievement but there's no question that's an invaluable by-product.

But the real reasons behind this interesting and useful system of education lie in the change confronting us.

you could move right into a job straight out of school.

Not so any more. Employers are looking for and demanding higher qualifications. They're also demanding different qualifications. No longer does the personnel manager ask, "Do you want the job?" Now you hear, "Can you *do* the job?" Community colleges started as a viable alternative for those who didn't want to (or couldn't) go to university, but wanted some sort of post-secondary education to make their role in the changing scheme of things more worthwhile. Besides that, it turns out that a great many people aren't happy with what they're currently doing—they want to change their work and are looking for ways of improving their lot.

More often than not, they don't have the education to take them to universities, nor should they have to have that kind of education to improve themselves. Adults, stuck in dead ends jobs should be just as free to improve their prospects as university graduates are. Community colleges are tailor-made for these people.

Then there's the person who's been thrust out of work by changing company policy, changing technology, or by swings in the economy. What does he do?

Community colleges are tailor made for him as well.

I spoke to several students at George Brown College and each had different reasons for being there, different goals and ideas, but two stories might illustrate just how important community colleges are.

The case of Dave Fletcher: married, one child. Dave had quit school after grade nine and started work with a rubber company where he made hoses. He had a good job. He thought he was secure. Then, out of the blue the company closed its doors and Dave was on the street. George Brown College gave him aptitude tests at their counselling centre. These tests revealed that he could do well as an instrumentation mechanic, a type of work created by the new technology. Before entrance however, he had to upgrade his education from grade 9 to 10. Where did he go for this? George Brown College. They not only set the entrance requirements, but gave him the extra education needed to meet those requirements.

When I asked him what he would have done without the college, he said, "I guess I would have been walking the streets looking for work".

The case of Ernie Connel: I'd guess Ernie is about 50. He used to be in the refrigeration business but he broke his neck in an automobile accident and has been in a wheel chair for the past 17 years.

That didn't stop him, though. He went on to open a roadside restaurant. Then the highway moved and slowly his business dwindled. That didn't stop him either. When I met him, he was in a class of students learning the intricacies of making fine pastry. I asked him why he went back to school and he said, "There are lots of new ideas I don't know". So, Ernie, in his wheel chair, is going to start again, this time with the type of help only community college makes possible.

Don't get me wrong. All community colleges aren't the same as George Brown. While they all aim at the same objectives, they often reach them through different routes. Some are not as pragmatic as George Brown. Others are more experimental. But all aim at finding the skills and aptitudes a person can develop. They try to teach people to learn so they can handle problems which, while not visualized or anticipated today, will certainly occur tomorrow.

The list of courses a person can take at these colleges makes you want to go back to school just to find out about them.

You can study Addiction Counselling at George Brown and Aircraft Pilot Training at Seneca in Toronto. You can take Cartography at Algonquin in Ottawa, Computer Planning at Mohawk in Hamilton, Fluid Power at Centennial in Scarborough, Inhalation Therapy at Fanshawe in London, Interior Design at Conestoga in Kitchener, Marine Engineering at Niagara and Telecommunications at Confederation in Thunder Bay.

That's not the whole community college story nor the whole education story in Ontario. Not by a long shot. And even as this is written it is changing to suit the new needs that are growing up around us.

While most of the people I talked to were enthusiastic about the education their children (or they themselves) were getting, other people had a good deal to say about the change in the housing situation. Not all of it bad.

The town I went to school in, Kapuskasing, was what some people call a company town. The whole economy of the place depended on the paper mill. It was a young town and the people were young. The oldest person I knew was sixty and he work-

ed full time.

Houses were built largely by the company so most of the people (it might even have been everyone) had a place to live.

The idea of a housing shortage was not something we knew about first hand. And public housing—houses for those people who were not able to find or own homes—was something people in our town simply talked about.

To us public housing meant “tenement” or “slum” or “subsidized”—words that carried stigma—but words that had little meaning to us in the security of our company town.

Old habits die hard, but one that is fortunately fast disappearing in Ontario is the one that made us think that poor people, simply because they are poor, shouldn’t be entitled to the dignity of decent things, especially decent housing.

The problem with housing is that it’s hard to come by. Supply and demand, which is our everyday way of business life, has put the costs of money for mortgages, and consequently the cost of houses way up there in the economic stratosphere.

These people who earn around \$4,000 a year (30% of our population) and have families to raise could never own even the meanest clay-and-wattles kind of housing, especially in southern Ontario around the bigger communities where the crush of the population is.

So we decided (the government actually, but I say “we” because we *are* the government) that something should be done to make more and more housing available to more and more of the people and in 1964 the Ontario Housing Corporation was formed.

Like community colleges which started five years ago and grew to fill a vast, and until then, undiscovered need, our program of providing respectable housing to those who need it is an achievement which is almost unparalleled.

There isn’t anything altruistic about this idea. It simply makes good sense.

The result, of course, is not just a lot of houses and homes for people who otherwise could not have got them, but the action has stimulated our economy from within.

At the beginning of 1965, when the program began with a vengeance, there were only 6,199 public housing units in Ontario (and even those were more than in all the rest of Canada) so techniques had to be developed to produce both homes and home ownership for a larger segment of the population.

From that simple idea has grown one of the major housing programs in the world—by 1975 we could have as many as 75,000 units.

The types of persons and families needing public housing are made up of lower income families and senior citizens.

In many cases a man making, say, \$6,000 a year with seven children could spend more than half his income on housing, leaving very little for food, clothing and other expenses. The same man in Ontario Housing would pay \$111.00 a month rent for the type of housing needed to fit his family needs.

While there are public housing programs in over 170 communities in Ontario, I discovered, interestingly enough, that small communities, for some reason or other, seem to have more private low rental housing than large and unwieldy centres like Toronto. So it is not surprising that a large chunk of the effort is in the Toronto-centred region.

The kind of housing made available by Ontario Housing Corporation is as interesting in its variety as it is in price.

Most of the public housing takes the form of town houses and apartments. There are no income limitations and the rents for these units depend entirely upon family income, regardless of the number of bedrooms provided.

There are five basic divisions to the housing program, each designed to help different segments of the population.

One: A family with two children and a income of \$192.00 a month could qualify for low rental housing and could pay as little as \$28.00 a month. This accommodation could be in a single family dwelling, a semi-detached home, maisonnette, townhouse, quadrette, garden apartment or in a medium or high-rise building.

Two: Condominiums are starting to catch on in Ontario. And there’s no question that they’re a good idea because they give a person a chance to own a dwelling, whether it’s an apartment or a townhouse. The condominium is a successful way of providing homes at prices people can afford to pay. They can build an equity.

Three: The land-lease program is designed to take the high cost of land out of the homes substantially reducing the down payments.

Four: With the people of Ontario turning more and more to education two things are happening at the same time. More students are gravitating toward universities in major centres and more of a *different* kind of student

are coming. These include married students, where one or both are going to lectures, and families who decided to chuck what they were doing and change their lives by the father upgrading himself or changing his profession altogether. This influx needs to be handled.

Something in the neighbourhood of 12,000 units on and off campus at 12 universities and post-secondary schools were on the drawing board, under construction or completed last year. It’s called full-recovery housing, where the students pay at a rate that ensures full recovery of the costs.

Five: Then there are the very special people of Ontario. These are the people who were adults during the hardships of the depression years, then went on to fight the second war, and then rebuilt the rather shaky post-war economy to get things going for those of us who are now enjoying the results of their work.

In 1964, Ontario Housing Corporation inherited 36 senior citizens’ housing units—all that had previously developed. Six years later more than 14,000 units were either occupied or under development.

A little over 8% of our population is over 65 which makes it a very significant portion of our people.

These people, individuals every one of them, get stuck between a fixed income and constantly rising costs. So they need and deserve the housing they get, and the success of the program for these folks can be measured not only by the number of new units being built for them, but in the way the homes give them a feeling of security and independence.

How do you end a story about the sort of achievements we have had in education, housing, anything? Well, you don’t, because those achievements don’t end. There is no doubt that education will not stop at graduation, that technological change is, and will continue to force us to retrain and upgrade ourselves.

Business and industry are starting to realize that learning is part of working, with economic survival the result. In fact, the need for education is growing so fast, there is little doubt that, as one informed Ontario TV writer puts it, “Education in ten years will involve more people than any other organized activity”.

With education, with housing, as with everything else worthwhile, it seems that Ontario decided to do it—then did it. Because you just can’t sit there and do nothing.

THE WILD RICE HARVESTERS.

Excerpt from "Without Reserve" *By Shiela Burnford. Photography Kryn Taconis.*

Since time immemorial, the Ojibwa people have been rice harvesters. September after September, in "the Moon when the Rice is Harvested," whole clans of them, Beavers and Herons, Loons and Foxes, paddled and portaged their way from all points of the compass to converge on the shallow marshy lakes fringed by the tall waving rice that would be a staple insurance against the long cold winter ahead. It was the highlight of the year;

a time of reunion after the summer's fishing, of festivities after the day's work, and an opportunity for the young men and maidens to meet, for they might not marry within their own totem clan, with whom they would have spent the year.

The harvest moon still brings them here year after year to the same campsites on the shores of Whitefish Lake, but nowadays the canoes are lashed to the tops of cars or trucks, and there

are no more totem clans, only families. The older people still speak only Ojibwa, but almost all the younger generation are bilingual. They still beat the rice heads into the canoe by hand, but most of the grain is processed thereafter by machinery in Winnipeg, for every year there are fewer of the older generation willing and patient enough to process it in the traditional but time-consuming way, parching, husking and winnowing by



hand—much to the regret of the connoisseur, for there is nothing to compare with the delicate smoky flavour of the local rice, the mahnomonee of the Ojibwa, the supreme complement to a wild duck dinner. And nowadays, with the machine processed product selling at about ten dollars a pound, wild rice is a delicacy in the same category as caviar.

By the time that the wildfowling season has started, the Indians' canoes will be gone, leaving only beaten-down rice beds and reeds for the hunters' cover. Sometimes, in my first years in Canada, I was invited to shoot at Whitefish which lies some fifty miles west of Thunder Bay in the Quetico region. Walking the far shore because I was too cold to sit any longer in canoe or blind, I would come across the deserted camping sites, and see the sapling frames for tents or still-standing conical birch-bark shelters, the blackened marks of the firesites.

Then one year I drove up to Whitefish, with an artist friend, Susan, this time to hunt mushrooms before the opening of the duck season. Our pack-sacks weighted down with food and great tomes on mycology, we hacked our way down the overgrown trail to our shack, followed by my long-suffering dog in this weekend's role of scarebear. On the narrow shore be-

tween the shack and the lake we looked out over the yellow heads of the bulrushes and past the thin green reeds of rice extending out for fifty yards or so to meet the blue rippled water. A mile across the water the hills in all the glory of their changing colour rose steeply, cloud shadows racing over them.

Then, as we sat in the sun, drinking it all in, a flock of whistlers rose suddenly from the reeds, and through the rice beds before us, paddled slowly and effortlessly by the Indian in the bow, came a red canoe. Hunched in the stern a woman bent the long rice stems into the belly of the canoe with one short stick, knocking the husks off with another, all in one easy fluid motion. Slowly, silently, as though in a dream, they paddled out of sight beyond the bulrushes. Now, standing on the high bank to follow their progress, we could see out over the bed, and there, dotted all around the shores of the lake, we saw other canoes. We had timed it perfectly. The mushrooms were burgeoning, the harvesters were here, we could perhaps manage to get some rice this time.

We mushroomed all afternoon, and every now and then as we wandered along the trails on the hillside we would glimpse the lake below and see the small dots that were canoes moving back and forth among the rice.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, we watched them return to the distant plumes of smoke that marked the campsites on the far shore. When they had eaten, we knew they would cross the lake for the rice-weighing. We kept watch on a sun-warmed rock, eating blueberries and identifying specimens as we waited. Below us an osprey plummeted down to a fish, and once in the clearing some thirty feet below a cross fox picked his noiseless way across the rocks with a peculiar hesitating gait. Suddenly aware of us, he paused and looked up, framed in the blazing orange of a sumac, and we saw then that he had only one foreleg.

An hour before sunset we were rewarded—the first of the canoes was putting out from the far shore, and soon we were able to count nineteen of them fanned out on the still water, an almost record number. Far down on the gravelled road below we could hear the rattling of the agent's truck, so we left our peaceful lookout, walked back to the car and drove down to the point to join them.

The Ojibwa are a quiet people and waste few words. One by one the canoes were beached in the mellow evening sunlight, and the men heaved out the bulging sacks and carried them up the shore to the weighing machine hanging outside a shed. There was a



timeless quality about everything. The agent, a burly Finn, adjusted the scales, watched closely by the Indians, wrote the figures in a book, and the sacks were heaved into his truck. Cigarettes would then be lit, thumbs stuck into belts, and all would lean against the shed, staring into space until the next weighing. They were slim men mostly, in jeans and brightly coloured shirts, the young bucks favouring high-heeled Western boots, and all walking with the unmistakable slightly pigeon-toed gait. The women had remained, silent and unmoving, in the canoes, with the exception of a tall, magnificently hawk-faced woman and a dumpy granny, but even they stood apart and silent, their backs to the men, gazing across the lake. Two or three of the canoes had teenage girls as stern paddles, in white bobby socks and light, gaily coloured dresses. Everyone looked prosperous and immaculate. An enchanting little boy of about four erupted from a newly beached canoe, and for the first time Mrs. Hawkface and Grandma Dumpy showed some emotion, their faces cracking into smiles as he ran over to them, both trying to pull up his socks at the same time, and both clucking lovingly over a scratch on his wrist. He had long black hair and an almost Oriental cast of feature, and his clear flute-like voice carried in the still air so that even the men turned to watch him, smiling.

Susan sketched the little boy there and then, and the impassive lines of Mrs. Hawkface softened visibly as she looked at it. "You too?" asked Susan persuasively, pointing to her sketchbook, and the granite face furrowed almost coyly. "Kinessa," she told us, beaming, pointing to herself, and we introduced ourselves. "You come tomorrow," she said, pointing across the lake. "You make my cat, too, eh?" and her finger moved in the direction of her canoe. There on the bow thwart sat an aloof and battle-scarred ginger tom. "Fifteen," said Kinessa proudly, with all the tenderness of a mother for her only child. "You come tomorrow—buy rice, too," she added guilefully. We were delighted; from all our hopes had come a bona fide invitation, the prospect of some factual rice, and now, added to this, was an irresistible waterborne cat and an apparently eager and willing sitter for Susan.

We took the freight canoe over next morning, leaving the dog behind to ensure harmonious relations with the cat, and from far out we could still

hear his doleful wails of protest. Kinessa came down to the shore to meet us, and as she led the way up the trail to the camp she suddenly raised her voice and called out some order. We caught a brief glimpse of a woman scurrying into the bush carrying something. She reappeared almost immediately and plunged her arms back into a tub of washing on the ground before her tent. I longed, of course, to know the secret—hooch? Illicit game? Some pagan cult evidence or the rice agent's scalp?

Kinessa lost no time in falling into a pose, the pampered cat clasped to her laundered bosom, and I sat on a log and looked around in wonderment while Susan sketched. A long line of flannelette sheets had come out of the furtive one's washtub and hung in an incongruous backdrop against the trees at the other end of the clearing, and several small, plump, clean children gathered silently to watch Susan. A teenage girl lounged outside a tent—we learned later that she was Kinessa's almost blind great-grandchild—putting pincurls in her hair and listening to the Hit Parade on a transistor.

Kinessa's tent was particularly imposing; there were fresh cedar boughs on the floor, a comfortable camp-bed with an immaculate bed-roll, and a tidy pile of quilts and blankets. Pinned to a mirror above a soap-box dressing table was a garish religious picture. The only thing that looked familiar from the last time I had seen this clearing peopled was the scraped skin of a large she-bear on a frame, its claws hanging in a small bag from a nearby tree. Later, I walked further along the trail and talked to an Indian with an even more surprising tent. Inside, it looked like an Abercrombie & Fitch advertisement for the Outdoor Life, from air mattress and incandescent lamp to all sorts of shiny cooking gadgets. He was a solitary man, which is unusual for an Indian, quiet spoken and most likable, who had served overseas for three years during the war. This probably accounted for the almost barrack-room neatness of his tent. He had gone back to the nomadic life by choice, spending his summers camping and fishing wherever he felt inclined. Then came the rice harvesting, and after that he would "get himself to Banff," for he had always wanted to see the Rockies, until the winter trapping started. Rice? He always bought his, he said, smiling, the other was too crude for his taste.

Exploring further, I was relieved to find an authentic tub of rice parching

on a slow fire. The washtub was suspended from an intricate arrangement of inter-relating branches forming a tripod, and was stirred every now and then by one of the women with a paddle. After this, Kinessa explained, showing us around, the parched grain went into a half barrel set in the ground to be pounded and stirred until the husks were free. This operation was presided over by an ancient man with an eleven-hair goatee beard who looked us over with rheumy reptilian eyes, then, clearly not liking what he saw, shifted the wad of snuff in his lower lip and spat dismissively into the fire. Kinessa spoke to him, but he turned his back on us with such a deafening silence, that she felt beholden to give us a mollifying demonstration of winnowing, skillfully pouring a handful of the barrel's contents from one shallow platter to another, until only the grain remained in one. Grandpa got up and hobbled obtrusively away. She produced an enamel cup and ladled out several pounds of the finished rice from the sack—dark-brown, long, slender grains with a delicious smoky aroma.

And when the harvesting was over, we asked on our way down to the canoe. Kinessa carrying her cat and a deep birchbark bag in which was her purse and a large alarm clock, "What then?" Back to her village in the Rainy River area, she told us, her husband was a guide at one of the hunting lodges near the border. In the summer she went with him to cook and fish and help portage the canoes when he guided at Quetico; but in the winter she was too busy to go as cook anywhere, for she was president of both the Parent-Teachers' Association, and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Mission Guild. And it was in the winter, too, that she made the moccasins to sell to the summer tourist trade. Her great-granddaughter was waiting for her in the canoe. Kinessa took out her alarm clock and glanced at the time, settled the cat, pushed off and stepped into the canoe in one nimble action, then headed down the lakeshore. A red canoe emerged from further down and followed, the little boy we had seen the day before up in the bow with a slingshot, his father paddling. We could hear high, clear laughing as the canoe caught up, then Kinessa laughing too; less nimble, we pushed our canoe out and headed back across the lake, our shameful engine shattering the peaceful lake until it was fouled into silence by the long rubbery stems of the water-lily pads.





CHILDREN OF THE NEW PEOPLE.

By Morley Callahan. Photograph Gordon Marci.

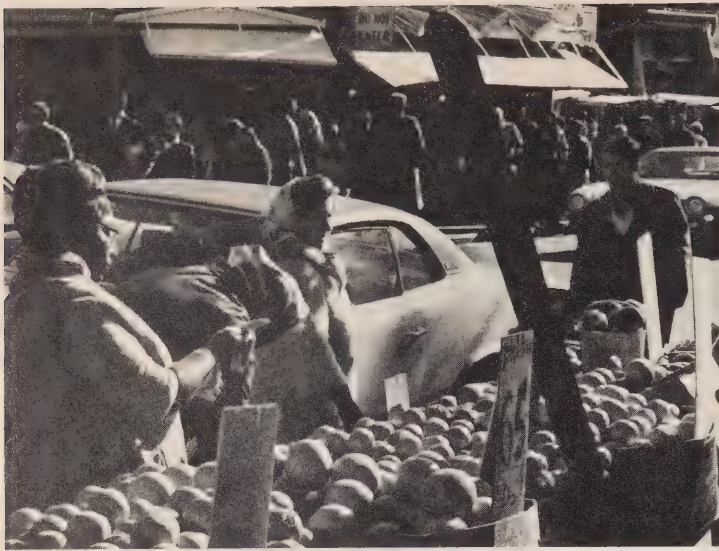
Ontario people are all over Canada. They're in executive offices, engineering companies, branches of financial houses, and on university faculties. Yet even now when they go to the other provinces they get the baffling, knowing little smiles and the glint in the eye. In the Maritimes people say, "Ah, Upper Canada, Toronto," as if sure the Ontario man has come to own or manage or something. In the West they let him know he's expected to be sedate, incapable of sharing their untrammelled western heartiness.

The Ontario man is often bemused. He's supposed to be from the rich man's high house with the narrow windows and the closely knit family. Doesn't anyone know what the province is really like now? Why do they still think of it as it was in his grandfather's or his father's time?

In those vanished days that lasted into the 30s, Ontario was indeed a kind of family house, a very British house. There were many groups, of course, but they all knew where they stood. Whether they were Irish Catholics, or French from the southwestern

corner, or the north, or descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, or the English settlers, or the powerful Scotch, they were all under the domination of the brisk, hard-driving, Protestant Puritan ethic. Toronto was called "little Belfast." The annual Orangemen's parade was a provincial cultural event. And the real temper of the province could always be accurately gauged by keeping in touch with the rural life.

Then, just after the Second Great War, it was as if the doors and windows of the old family house were flung wide open to the whole world. Workers were needed for the vast new industrialization that had begun. Strangers, who had heard they were welcome in a province that had the highest standard of living in Canada, rushed in to settle the cities. Soon that crescent corner of Lake Ontario, reaching from Oshawa to St. Catharines, became a vast polyglot industrial area, and a man of the old stock, walking the streets, or standing on the platform of a Toronto subway station, now gets a flash of faces that makes



him wonder where he is: Slavic, Oriental, Latin; all new faces.

The man of the old stock is entranced because these people look as if they felt they belonged. They look at home; and he knows that he could walk in neighborhoods where he used to walk, now all Italian, or Ukrainian, and feel a little like a stranger.

So there are times now when the Ontario man isn't quite sure where he is, or what he is, or what dramatic possibilities may await his children. Already the face of the whole area has a different complexion. People glory in the varicolored shops and plazas, the gardens and swimming pools of high-rise apartments. Even the banks — and the real temple of Ontario was always the bank — have become as bright, soothing and inviting as lounges. Now the politician can no longer measure the Ontario temper by knowing the rural life. This new vast urbanization is the thing. It has reached out over the giant new highways, over the air waves and along every lane right to the edge of the wilderness.

The open house, as the theoreticians saw it in the beginning, was to have been a cultural mosaic, but in a mosaic the pieces have to remain in place. Once the thing starts melting it takes a whole new sheen, and maybe an undreamed-of pattern begins to emerge. Children of the new people, speaking the same language now as people of the old stock, sitting across the aisle from them in the schools, wearing the same clothes, looking at the same television programs, and whose fathers belong to the same unions and get the same pay, don't want to remain in separated communities nursing cultural dreams of their fathers' countries. Nor can they be content to work at a trade. Soon they turn to the professions. Soon they turn to politics too. Their voices become part of the new Ontario chorus.

But the directors of the chorus, the people of the old stock, without quite realizing it, have been melting also into something new, even when they keep to themselves. It's not just cultural pressure of the new people doing this to them. The new tolerance, the



new technologies, and that vast irresistible new continental urbanization, a strange new civilization, which has gone surging across the ocean, has washed over the Ontario man too, and sometimes he wonders if he knows what he's like himself, now that he always seems to be becoming something else.

Ontario people? What are they really like now? Well, they're not at all like the English, they're certainly not like midwestern Americans. They're like... The truth is they are not sure now what they are like and are surprised and grateful when someone from another shore discovers something unique about them.

A woman, who had lived all her life in Montreal before settling here, says, "I found Ontario people almost frighteningly friendly when I first came here." The Ontario man, in surprise, says, "Really?" An Ontario girl, a secretary, says, "It's not like London at all. Everybody here is crazy about education — people with jobs, I mean. All the secretaries I know are taking extension courses at the universities."

And again the Ontario man says, "Really?" as if he no longer knew what was going on.

Just the same, and aside from the new tolerance, about the nicest thing to be said for Ontario people was said by the great American literary critic, Edmund Wilson. "Up there," he said in some surprise, "people still want to listen."

Yet right now who can name this vast land for what it is or will be? After a year's absence one should take a trip on the giant highways running east and west through the cities. Or go north. The life on the land, the habitations it's all a changing face. Who then is at home here? This is the paradox of Ontario. The children of the new people can feel at home, for all the new places are part of their own new lives. And as for the children of the old stock; in the cities high rise apartments and skyscrapers shoot up or are torn down but these children can still walk the streets their fathers walked, feeling at home on these avenues from the old days that still cut through the new life.



GODERICH

Ontario Place Magazine asked photographer John de Visser to choose an Ontario town and capture its essence on film. The results of a four-day photo-visit to Goderich are recorded on these pages.



There is an undertone of amusement in the make-up of the people of Goderich. It manifests itself in stories about the town and in signs like the one above on the pastry shop.

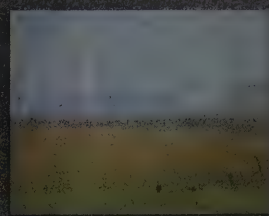
One story (alas, untrue) is that John Galt brought plans from England for both Guelph and Goderich. Somehow they got mixed up and what is now Guelph is *really* Goderich, or vice versa.



Everyone seems to have a smile and there is a great deal of friendliness. Example: one trade union published a letter in the local paper praising the fine job done by the management of their firm in acquiring new business, thus ensuring their jobs. Another example: no parking meters. The most heard comment about the town: "It's a nice place to bring up youngsters".



At last count there were about 7,000 people in Goderich, which calls itself (with some justifications) the Prettiest Town in Canada. The site was originally chosen for its harbour. Today salt mining, industry, fishing and some plain sitting around make up the bulk of the occupation.



The hexagonal roundabout is called the Square. Airmen who trained at the Commonwealth Air Training field hint that during the second war a tacit agreement between the sexes caused the men to walk in one direction, the girls in the opposite, so each could scrutinize the other.



Armand Bedard has been with Dominion Road Machinery for 24 years. The company which can turn out three road graders a day has just completed a deal with Turkey for 310 graders. The sales lead was supplied through an Ontario Department of Trade and Development trade mission.

To the right you see a somewhat intoxicated cement farmer and his donkey. On the same farm that these unusual figures stand you will also find a cement Churchill, Maggie, Jiggs, Moses, Jack and Jill, and some surprisingly lifelike cement animals. These interesting concrete creatures are the work of George Laithwaite who started sculpturing in cement when he was 54 years old. If you are looking for a Queen of Sheba, circa 1924, sculptured in cement drop by Apple Farm just outside Goderich.





Bert Jesson (top), a railway car inspector, is a newcomer having lived in Goderich for only nine years. He was photographed outside the rather picturesque railroad station (unused except as office space).

Peter Zimmerman (directly above), bought his Hot Dog truck in 1930. It was used. Says he, "the only thing that changed about the hot dog in 40 years is the price. Then two dogs and two pop sold for 25c." Note for antique auto buffs: the truck was built in 1927; there are still ample parts to keep it running; new tires spring of '70 ("good for some years"); it goes under its own steam to various locations in the area five nights a week; has a starter added but is almost always started by crank.





For a little town Goderich has a surprising amount of industry employing men like Bill Utley who is a maintenance foreman (top) and John Craig who inspects road graders before release to customers (directly above).

The harbour, which was the reason Goderich townsite was chosen in the first place, continues to be active. Most cargo is grain coming in from the west and salt being shipped out.

The R. G. Sanderson along with other obsolete freighters (right) is used by Donitar for salt storage. Mine shaft is in the background.





Sue Bisset is a lifeguard at the Goderich pool, Jane Schneider is a guide at the Huron County Pioneer Museum.

Youth in Goderich is, it turns out, about the same as youth everywhere else in Ontario. They like their town, they want more action, and they are looking forward to life with enthusiasm.

The picture at left of the old dentist chair is taken inside the Pioneer Museum. It is one of some 11,000 unusual and novel items compiled by J. H. Neill whose original collection was the basis for the museum. Among the displays are such things as: 15 ways of making flour, the history of time, the history of threshing, five eras of school life, history of light and the life work of wood carvings by George June.



The day I became

By Martin O'Mall



n Ontari-ari-arian.

otograph by Gordon Marci

Grey Cup day, 1950. A crisp autumn afternoon in Winnipeg and a voice from the radio tells me it is wet and soggy in Toronto. This does not surprise me. All days, we have been told, are wet and soggy in Toronto.

The Toronto Argonauts are demolishing my Winnipeg Blue Bombers in the mud and water of Varsity Stadium. Not only are they demolishing my Winnipeg Blue Bombers, they are destroying the legend of Indian Jack Jacobs. Not only are they destroying the legend of Indian Jack Jacobs, they are nearly drowning Big Buddy Tinsley (somebody knocked him unconscious and he is lying face first in a puddle).

This is too much. We have been told a lot of things about Ontario, about how big and rich they are, but we always thought with guys like Indian Jack Jacobs and Big Buddy Tinsley—even if they were Americans—we could even things up. But no. The gun sounds, the game ends, my Bombers have lost.

But I survived. Twenty years later I am living in Toronto. In Ontario, the purloiner of our prairie dreams, the destroyer of our legends. To make matters even more confusing, I am quite happy here. The misconceptions have been corrected. Much of them were easy to rectify, based as they were on things as trivial as Grey Cup games, but some took time and a sizeable amount of effort.

Obviously, a metamorphosis of stunning proportions occurred. But when? Where? Before the 1950 Grey Cup game I had been to Ontario only once and that had been two years earlier, when I was nine years old. All I remember is swimming in Lake Ontario near St. Catharines (Port Dalhousie?) and being welcomed at Toronto's Union Station by a fat uncle with an unlit cigar in his mouth and a dollar in his hand.

I met more people from Ontario in high school. Dryden, Kenora, Atikokan, Rainy River, Sioux Lookout. Each one said he was from God's Country.

Can you imagine? Telling me that? As if what happened in 1950 wasn't bad enough.

If you have driven east to west from Ontario to Manitoba you probably noticed the startling change at the border. Through Ontario the highway winds and twists and dips and on all sides you are confronted with craggy rocks and hills and gurgling waterways. Then suddenly, you are confronted with—nothing.

Prairie.

Who decided on that border?

Some cantankerous planner hunched over a map muttering, "Heh'heh, let's extend Ontario to here so's to keep all them craggy rocks and hills and gurgling waterways. Heh-heh, give the rest to Manitoba." The map does seem to bulge westward.

So I moved. If Toronto and Ontario were anything they were Big Time. I arrived in the summer of 1965, ready to match wits and shoulders with the Runyonesque characters I expected to be working with as a reporter for the *Globe and Mail*.

They warned me about the size, the pressure, the soul-destroying existence, the pangs of nostalgia I'd feel for the west, the stiff faces and cold shoulders. Because I had nightmares of bumper-to-bumper traffic on the Don Valley Parkway (the name alone conjured up terror) I left for work that first Monday at 6:45 a.m.

Zip. I reached York and Front Streets at 7:10 a.m. and wasn't expected at The *Globe and Mail* until 10 a.m. For nearly three hours I walked the streets, examining the buildings and people. When it started to rain several men opened black umbrellas. I walked to the waterfront and watched stubby ferry boats busily pushing to and fro from the island. Huge flat freighters steamed past the docks and small waves lapped at the side of an old destroyer tied up near where I sat. Boats, and less than 10 minutes from the office.

Reporting was really an ideal way to see the province. My first assignment was the Canadian National Exhibition, which was fortuitous because it meant that the first Ontarians and Torontonians and Etobikokans I met as a new resident were munching hot dogs, sipping pop and lounging casually on the grass by the lake. I recommend this to anyone moving to a strange and perhaps inhospitable land: visit the carnivals and parks and circuses and see the people out-of-uniform. After the CNE, general assignments took me to London, Kitchener, Guelph, Midland, Kingston, Ottawa, Oshawa, Peterborough, Belleville, Chatham, Windsor, Sudbury, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Niagara Falls. And places in between, off the main highways. Between interviews, relaxing, listening to the grass grow, I gradually got a feel for the province. It is a province to be discovered gradually. It is big and diverse and one morning you can be driving routinely along a gravel sideroad and—pow—a creek or a lake will be there, or you will pass under dense green foliage covering the road like a canopy, or there will be a quaint old town you never even heard of.

There is a sense of history in Ontario.

At Midland, for example, where I was sent to cover the arrival of Very Rev. Pedro Arrupe, the head of the Jesuits, there was a reconstructed village where six of North America's eight martyr saints lived 330 years ago. Ste. Marie-among-the-Hurons was reconstructed under the direction of a crusty, 78-year-old Baptist named Wilfrid Jury. Dr. Jury ("the hell with that, call me Wilf") was to be Father Arrupe's tour guide. It was raining that day and the rain splattered off in sheets from the authentic bark roofs. As the official entourage walked by a table on which were an old rolling pin and what appeared to be a mound of flour, Dr. Jury suggested that someone taste it.

"Go ahead," he said, and one of the Jesuits next to Father Arrupe obligingly dipped a finger in the white stuff.

"Hah, ha", burst Dr. Jury, "That's not flour, that's lime."

The priest, grinning sheepishly, pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his tongue. It was reassuring that Ontarians could be irreverently casual about their history.

All kinds of history.

For a story on the federal election in 1968 we selected Peterborough as Canada in microcosm, and we selected wisely for this city of 55,000 is typical enough to be used to test many new products before nation-wide distribution. We talked to farmers and office workers and secretaries and nurses and labourers, but mostly I remember calm afternoons in the sun by Little Lake. White-shirted employees with their ties loosened and their jackets over their arms came to the lake to spend their lunch hours on the grass. Soul-destroying?

Most of the time I was in Toronto, that big belching city of a thousand misconceptions. It was supposed to be brutal but I found, slowly at first, it was surprisingly human. How many streets, after all, were unsafe to walk—the criterion of the quality of life in much smaller cities in the United States—and where was the hostility and coldness? Only where you wanted to find it.

There is a clanging vitality to Toronto. On that first Monday I peered down a gaping hole in King Street West and today when I pass I can barely see the tops of the two office towers in it. The city halls, the old and the new, stand across the street from one another like the generation gap, but still strangely complementary.

Collingwood, The Victory Burslesque, old stone homes, the Caledon Hills, George's Spaghetti House, a German beer festival, Greeks, Italians, Hungarians, Croats, Portuguese.

Crazy boutiques. Cadillacs idling respectfully outside trust companies. Stock brokers in homburgs. Dishevelled young girls in tight jeans and beads selling roses (half dozen, \$1.50) at four corners of a busy intersection. Leggy stenos in mini skirts. Country auctions.

When, then, did the prairie boy become an Ontarian?

Curiously, it happened in Montreal on an idle afternoon in May 1967, while covering Expo '67 on assignment for The Globe and Mail. One of those afternoons when you are unexpectedly free and wondering what to do.

A researcher with a Toronto television crew came into the newsroom breathless with excitement—more than that. She had just come from the Ontario pavilion where she had seen *A Place To Stand*, the 17-minute film on Ontario. A routine assignment for a television researcher, she had supposed.

But no. The film, the music, the lyrics, the split-screen technique, the colour, the people, and the province itself had—sort of—overwhelmed her. She wept, she said, and she was usually not one to weep at movies. Certainly not on assignment.

Hmm. I left the newsroom and walked past the exhibits to the pavilion on the far side of the Expo site. I sat on a huge sloping floor and waited for some miracle to emerge on the screen, which was 66 by 30 feet, one of the largest screens in North America. People kept coming in as if the word had gone out.

The theme song began imperceptibly enough, like any theme song, but it grew louder and reached crescendos, and there were colour pictures of Ontario up there, over here, in this corner—remarkable film imagery conveyed with a dazzling new multiple-image technique—and I could feel tiny electric shivers racing through me and this wasn't even my province.

Like hell it wasn't my province.

No, it was not just the film that did it. If anything, *A Place To Stand* was a culmination, a turning point, a mere reminder in 17 brilliant minutes of all I had seen and discovered in two years: hills, rocks, waterways, towns, cities, faces. There have been many smaller culminations since. You leave Toronto and come back and each return trip reinforces something between you and the place. Now there are children, a boy and a girl, and they know Winnipeg and Manitoba only as far-off places where they occasionally go for holidays. There is no doubt about who they are and where they are.

In a scene in *A Place To Stand* monstrous machines were knocking down trees in a forest while, in a corner of the multiple-image screen, a tiny bird was on a branch of a tree. Hope.

Ontario is hope.

